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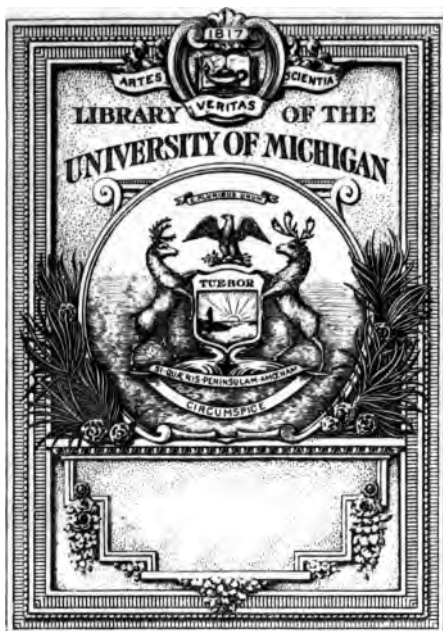
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BEQUEST OF
MRS. JAMES HUNTLEY CAMPBELL

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C115

1827



THE
CABINET OF MOMUS,

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

HUMOROUS POEMS,

FROM

P. PINDAR,
ERENEAU,
LADD,
SWIFT,

DIBDIN,
PENWARNE,
HUMPHREYS,
TAYLOR,

COLMAN,
HOPKINSON,
HARRISON,
PITT, &C. &C.

EMBELLISHED WITH SIX ENGRAVINGS.

SIXTH EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

R. DESILVER, NO. 110, WALNUT STREET.

.....
T. TOWN, PRINTER.

1827.

Mrs. James Campbell.
94
5-20-1925

District of Pennsylvania, To WIT:



BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-first day of February, in the Fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1827, Robert Desilver of the said District, hath deposited in this office, the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Cabinet of Momus; a choice selection of humorous Poems, from P. Pindar, Dibdin, Colman, Freneau, Penwarne, Hopkinson, Ladd, Humphreys, Harrison, Swift, Taylor, Pitt, &c. &c. Embellished with six Engravings."

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, intitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

AN old merry philosopher bequeathed to posterity a very sage piece of advice....*Ride, si sapis....* which being rendered into plain vernacular language, means....*Laugh, if you are wise.*

Being a great admirer of this illustrious sage, I have employed some of my leisure moments to collect materials to enable my fellow citizens to follow his useful prescription, and hope they will have the very salutary effect of proving the *wisdom* of the reader, by impelling him to the free and unlimited use of his risible faculties.

If it be true, as Homer, or Hesiod, or Plutarch, or Phædrus, or some other ancient said, or intended to say, or ought to have said, that every time a man heaves a sigh, he drives a nail into his coffin ; it may, I hope and trust, be assumed that every time he indulges in merriment he draws a nail out. This collection then, I fondly flatter myself, cannot fail to be acceptable to all my fellow citizens, except the worthy fraternity of coffin-makers and nailors, whom I most respectfully solicit to pardon me for this interference with their best interests.

Should they find this little collection prove very injurious to the accumulation of pelf. I advise them (as a friend) to disseminate as large a number as possible of "THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE," by way of counteraction.

MOMUS, JUN.

Philadelphia, December 1, 1809.

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CABINET OF MOMUS.

NO TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

A TALE.—(PENWARNE.)

A CORNISH Miner, high in wrestling fame,
And Thomas Triggyniggy was his name :
To London city Tom would fain be packing ;
In hardy enterprise no lad was bolder ;
He threw his trusty staff across his shoulder,
And hung his *wardrobe* on it in a *nackin*.*

The journey was a long one to be sure ;
But Tom was hardy and could much endure :
And so he was resolved to have's end,
And undermine the Thames at Gravesend :
That *deep-laid* scheme which cockney artists grapple
So vent'rous Tom set out upon his travels.

The weary way he cheer'd with many a song ;
Or whistled careless as he jogg'd along :
Till he the mighty city 'gan to approach ;
But now he ceased to be so cheery,
The night was dark and Tom was weary ;

* Handkerchief.

When soon he saw and loudly hail'd a coach:
 'Hoa!—Maister Coachman, have'e room for me?
 'Can'st taak a body in that's mighty tir'd?'
 'Yes,' replied Coachee, 'I have *only three* :'
 The price agreed for soon the place was hired.
 'Twas pitchy dark, Tom could not see a face ;
 But 'twixt *two passengers* he took his place.

Tom was a social fellow—lov'd to chatter,
 And what the subject was, was no great matter ;
 'Eh, golls!' says Tom, 'in such a night as this,
 'This warm *frieze-coat* of yours is not amiss ;
 'Be sleeping Maister—may I be so bold?'
 Tom shook him, but he only growl'd.

A man who sat Tom's vis-a-vis,
 Now spoke, 'Why look ye, sir d'ye see,
 'That Gem'man there, must needs be dumb,
 'Because from Russia he's but lately come,
 'And cannot talk our English *lingo* :
 'I am the tutor, sir, to that young lad,
 'The Russian's Nephew, and sure man ne'er had
 'A wickeder young rogue to teach, by *jing*o.'

'Why, sir,' says Tom, ''tis my belief,
 'The Nephew is a little thief ;
 'Ave *steal'd* away my tatey pasty ;*
 'Sich tricks in *junsters*, sir, be nasty ;
 'And *ef* a *worn't* a *cheeld*, as I may saay,
 'Id throw *mun* out of *winder* in the waay.'

But now the crazy vehicle stood still,
 Whilst Coachee turn'd about,
 And begg'd the Gem'men to get out,
 And ease his tired cattle up the hill:

■ No sooner said than done,
 Each descended—one and one.

• Potatoes Pasty.

And now along the road they're walking,
 Of this, and that thing, busy talking;
 Tom felt his Cornish spirits rising;
 Spoke of his wrestling as surprising:
 The other cried, 'if *that's your sort*,
 'My Russian friend can *show you sport*;
 'He practises the *Cornish hug*;
 'Knows skilful how to *turn to hip*;*
 'Giving your heels the cleanest trip,
 'Will lay you on your back so snug.'
 'Will 'a'? quoth Tom, '*ef sir, you'll caal*
 'And make the Coachman stop—we'll *try a faat*;
 'For tho' 'tis dark, and we can't see,
 'Yet 'tis as *vair* for him as me.'

Now matters being settl'd thus,
 Thomas approach'd the rugged Russ,
 Who seiz'd him quickly round the waist;
 And grip'd him hard, and held him fast;
 Both came together to the ground,
 Away they roll'd with many a bound,
 Down o'er a pretty steep declivity;
 While the sly Tutor scamper'd after,
 Ready to burst his sides with laughter:
 And had he not with great activity
 Step'd to their aid, and timely stop'd 'em,
 Into a gravel pit they'd pop'd 'em.
 He rais'd our hero from the ground;
 And—'hop'd, his friend—the Russian there,'
 (Making a formal bow profound)
 'Had, like a *Gem'man* play'd him *fair*.'
 'Why,—in his way—I must allow
 'The Gentleman play'd *vair enow*,
 'But lord! *sich* strength before I never *feel'd*!
 'Why, es a *Liant*!!†
 'A hugg'd me up—as *thof wor a cheeld*,
 'And he a *Giant*!

* A term made use of amongst wrestlers.

† Lion.

But now the day began to dawn,
 And gild the dew drops on the lawn ;
 When 'Tom look'd round him, with staring eyes
 Expressing wonder and surprise ;
 Saying—' *kind* Gentlemen I thonk ye ;'
 For now did Thomas see most clear,
 His late antagonist—a BEAR !
 The Pickpocket—a MONKEY !
 ' Tricks upon Travellers—wont do for me !
 ' So now, my friend, I'll *have a bout with thee* :'
 Then seiz'd the BEAR-ward by the middle,
 As tho' no heavier than his fiddle :
 ' D'ye sarve me so you son o' bitch !'
 Then giving him *the flying mare*,*
 And raising off the ground quite clear,
 He sous'd him in a muddy ditch.
 ' Lie there,' quoth Tom, ' you fiddling lout,
 ' Your Russian Friend may help you out ;
 ' And *larn* henceforth that *Lunnun* jokes,
 ' Are dangerous things with Cornish folks.'

* A wrestling term.

THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND THE RAZOR-SELLER.

(FINDAR.)

FORBEAR, my friends, to sacrifice your fame
 To sordid gain, unless that you are starving !
 I own, that hunger will indulgence claim,
 For hard stone heads, and landscape-carving,
 In order to make haste to sell and eat ;
 For there is certainly a charm in meat :
 And in rebellious tones, will stomachs speak,
 That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
 Who value fame, no more than an old shoe ;
 Provided, for their *daubs* they get a *sale*,
 Just like the man—but, stay—I'll tell the tale ;

A fellow, in a market town,
 Most musical, cry'd razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence ;
 Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
 And, for the money, quite a heap,
 As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country Bumpkin the *great offer* heard,
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose :
 With cheerfulness, the eighteen pence he paid ;
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said :
 ' This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.'

' No matter, if the fellow *be a knave*,
 ' Provided that the *razors shave* ;
 ' It certainly will be a monstrous prize.'
 So home the clown, *with his good fortune*, went—
 Smiling—in heart and soul, content—
 And quickly soap'd himself, to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered, from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with *grinning pain*, to grub ;
 Just like a hedger cutting furze.
 'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—
All were impostors !—' Ah !' Hodge sigh'd,
 ' I wish my eighteen pence were in my purse !'

In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and
 swore ;
 Brought blood, and danc'd, and blasphem'd and made
 wry faces ;
 And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er :
 B 2

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
 Firm as a *Foxite*, would not lose its ruff;
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.
 Hodge in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
 On the vile cheat, that sold the goods—
 'Razors!—(a damn'd, confounded dog!)
 'Not fit to scrape a hog!'

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and begun—
 'Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
 'That people flay themselves out of their lives!
 'You rascal!—for an hour have I been grubbing,
 'Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
 'With razors, just like oyster-knives.
 'Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
 'To cry up *razors*, *that can't shave!*'

'Friend,' quoth the razor-man, '*I'm not a knave;*
 'As for the razors you have bought,
 'Upon my soul I never thought,
 'That they would *shave.*'

'Not think, they'd shave!' quoth Hodge with won-
 d'ring eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
 'What were they made for, then? you dog! he cries:
 'Made.' quoth the fellow with a smile,—*'to sell!'*

MIDAS'S SECOND MISTAKE.

ONCE an old country squaretoes, to fopp'ry a foe,
 And disgusted alike at a crop and a beau,
 Being church-warden made, was in office so strict,
 That there scarce was a coat, but a hole in't he'd
 pick:

Infringements, encroachments, and trespasses
scouting ;

And from straddling the tomb-stones the boys daily
routing :

At last made a justice, corruption to purge,
His worship became both a nuisance and scourge :
When a poor needy neighbour, who kept a milch
ass,

Which he often turn'd into the church-yard for
grass,

And with long ears and tail o'er the graves did he
stray,

While perchance, now and then, at by-standers
he'd bray :

And once when old Midas was passing along,
He set up his pipes at his brother, ding dong ;
At which his puff'd pride was so stung to the quick
That he glar'd at the browser as stern as Old Nick ;
And when he got home, for the sexton he sent,
Who, with this doughty threat to the ass-keeper
went ;

That again should his beast the church-warden as-
sail,

Or be seen in the church-yard—he'd cut off his tail ;
When the owner replied—' Sure his worship but
jeers ;

But should he dock donky—I'll cut off *his ears*.'
When no sooner the answer was brought to him
back,

But he summon'd before him the clown in a crack ;
And he said—' Thou vile varlet, how comes it to
pass,

That thou dar'st for to threaten to crop a *just-ass*?
Thou cut off *my ears*?—Make his mittimus, clerk ;
I'll make an example of this precious spark :

But first reach me down the black act—he shall see
That, the next Lent Assizes, he'll swing on a tree.'

'I zwing on a tree!—and for what?' replies Hob,
How the dickens came zuch a strange freak in your
knob ?

I woanly but zaid, if my ass met your sheers,
And *you* cut off his tail, that *I'd* cut off his *ears* ;
Vor as *you* hate long tails, as the mark of a fop,
I'd ha' don't 'cause I knaugh that you don't like
a crop.'

At this subtle rejoinder, his worship struck dumb,
Found his proud overbearing was quite overcome:
So the ass sav'd his tail by a quibble so clever,
And the justice's ears are now longer than ever.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

(COLMAN, JR.)

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with death to wrestle ;
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are ;
But meet just like prize-fighters, in a Fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness, of a brother ;
So (many a suff'ring Patient saith,)
Tho' the Apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle upon Tyne ;
No man could better gild a pill ;
Or make a bill ;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
Or chatter scandal by your bed ;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff* ;
Yet, still he thought the list not long enough ;
And therefore Midwifery he choose to pin to't.
This balanced things:—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world.

He made amends by bringing others in to't.
His fame, full six miles round the country ran ;
In short, in reputation he was *solus* :
All the old women call'd him 'a fine man !'
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in *trade*,
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said ;
And cultivated the *Belles Letters*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthysic?
Of Poetry tho' Patron-God,
Appollo patronises Physic.

Bolus loved verse ;—and took so much delight in't
That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions, on his labels,
In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables* ;
Or, rather like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing ;—not a crime ;—
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four ;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical:

And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse ;

Which, one would think, was clear enough,
And terse:

*“ When taken,
“ To be well shaken.”*

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patients house he goes ;
 Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was indeed a very sorry hack ;
 But that’s of course ;
 For what’s expected from a horse,
With an Apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived ; and gave a doubtful tap ;
Between a single and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance ;
 By Fiddlers and by Opera-singers:
One loud and then a little one behind ;
As if the knocker, fell by chance,
 Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier’s out of place—
 Portending some disaster ;
John’s countenance as rueful look’d, and grim,
As if th’ Apothecary had physic’d him,—
 And not his master.

‘ Well how’s the patient?’ Bolus said—

 John shook his head.

‘ Indeed!—hum! ha!—that’s very odd!

‘ He took the draught?’—John gave a nod.

‘ Well—how?—what then?—speak out you dunce!’

‘ Why then’—says John—‘ we *shook* him once.’

‘Shook him!—how?’—Bulus stammer’d out:—

‘We jolted him about.’

‘Zounds! shake a patient, man! a shake won’t do!’

‘No sir, and so we gave him *two*.’

‘Two shakes! od’s curse!’

‘’Twould make the patient worse.’

‘It did so sir?—and so a third we tried.’

‘Well and what then?’—‘then, sir, my master died.’

THE WHIMSICAL MAL-ENTENDU.

AN EPIGRAM.

A poor simple foreigner, not long ago,
Whose knowledge of English was simply, so so ;
At a shop window reading ‘Good pickles sold here,’
To the shopwoman said, ‘Vat is pickles my dear.’

‘Why pickles,’ says she ‘is a sort of a name,
Like preserves, and the meaning is nearly the same;
For pickling preserves, though not quite the same
way,
Yet ’tis much the same thing, as a body may say.’

The foreigner bow’d and gave thanks for his lesson;
Which the next day, at dinner, he made a fine mess
on ;

For a loud clap of thunder caus’d Miss Kitty Ner-
vous,
To start from her chair, and cry ‘Mercy preserve
us!’

While he, keeping closely his lesson in view,
Cry’d ‘Mercy’ *preserve* us, and *pickle* us too!’

A MEDICINE FOR THE LADIES.

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
 Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue
 From morn to night, th' eternal larum rung,
 Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
 Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
 Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame ;
 Possessed he thought, of ev'ry joy of life ;
 But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
 Excess of fondness did in time decline ;
 Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine:
 From whence some petty discords would arise,
 As, ' You're a fool!'—and, ' You are mighty wise!'

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit ;
 Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet ;
 When she began—for hat and sword he'd call ;
 Then, after a faint kiss, cry, ' B'y, dear Moll:
 ' Supper and friends expect me at the Rose.'
 ' And what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose ?
 ' Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine ;
 ' Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!'

Oft', as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
 At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found ;
 By four the knight would get his business done,
 And only then reel'd off because alone.
 Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come ;
 But, arm'd with Bordeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd ;
 She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
 ' 'Tis a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
 ' And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
 ' Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
 ' Devour'd by spleen, and stranger to delight ;
 ' Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast
 ' Resolv'd to break my heart as well as rest.'

'Hey ! hoop ! d'ye hear, my damn'd obstrep'rous
 spouse !
 'What can't you find one bed about the house ?
 'Will that perpetual clack lie never still ?
 'That rival to the softness of a mill !
 'Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
 'Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise.'

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
 With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
 To an old uncle oft she would complain,
 Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
 Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was ;
 'Cheer up !' cried he, 'and I'll remove the cause ;
 'A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
 'Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
 'Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
 'The best elixir t' appease man and wife ;
 'Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine ;
 'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine :
 'If in his sullen airs, Sir John should come,
 'Three spoonfulls take, hold in your mouth—then
 mum :
 'Smile and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and
 scold,
 'Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold ;
 'One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
 'He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride :
 'But dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
 'Or ev'ry prattling hussey 'll beg a dose.'
 A water-bottle 's brought for her relief ;
 Not Nantz could sooner ease the ladies grief :
 Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
 And, female-like, impatient for th' event.
 The bonny knight reels home, exceeding clear,
 Prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war.
 Entering, he cries—'Hey where's our thunder fled ?

'No Hurricane? Betty's your lady dead?'
 Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
 Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks.
 Wond'ring hestard, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
 But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
 'Why, how now Molly, what's the crotchet now?
 She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
 Then clasping her about—'Why let me die!
 'These night-clothes Moll, become you mightily!
 With that he sigh'd her hand began to press,
 And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
 Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
 The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd,
 The reconciling bottle fails at last ;
 'Twas us'd and gone—then midnight storms arose,
 And looks and words the union discompose.
 Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
 To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies ;
 Transported does the strange effects relate,
 Her knight's conversion and her happy state!

'Why niece,' says he, 'I prithee apprehend,
 'The water 's water—be thyself thy friend ;
 'Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
 'But your provoking tongue undoes the charm ;
 'Be silent and complying—you 'll soon find,
 'Sir John, without a med'cine, will be kind.

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

(S. HOPKINSON)

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend,
 Trill forth harmonious ditty :
 Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
 In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

As in amaze, he stood to gaze,
(The truth can't be denied, sir,)
He spied a score of **KEGS** or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise;
Then said, some mischief's brewing.

'These **KEGS** now hold the rebels bold,
'Pack'd up like pickled herring;
'And they're come down t' attack the town
'In this new way of ferry'ng.'

The soldier flew—the sailor too—
And, scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news;
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted:
And some ran here, and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some 'Fire' cry'd; which some deny'd,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half naked.

Sir William* he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring;
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L——.

* Sir William Howe.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter:
He rubs both eyes ; and boldly cries,
'For God's sake, what 's the matter?'

At his bed-side, he then espy'd
Sir Erskine* at command, sir ;
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, sir.

'Arise! arise!' sir Erskine cries:
'The rebels—more 's the pity—
'Without a boat, are all on float,
'And rang'd before the city.

'The motley crew in vessels new,
'With Satan for their guide, sir,
'Pack'd up in bags, or wooden KEGS
'Come driving down the tide, sir.

'Therefore, prepare for bloody war:
'These KEGS must all be routed:
'Or surely we, despis'd shall be,
'And British courage doubted.'

The royal band, now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, sir ;
With stomachs stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar, from shore to shore ;
The small arms make a rattle.
Since war 's began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel† vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,

* Sir William Erskine.

† The British officers were so fond of the word *rebel*, that they often applied it most absurdly.

THE NEW-ENGLAND SABBATH-DAY CHACE. 17

The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter:
'Why sure,' thought they, 'the dev'l's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.'

The KEGS, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of *rebel* staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night, those men of might
Display'd amazing courage ;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
'Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Upon those wicked KEGS, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH-DAY CHACE.

(F. FRENCH.)

ON a fine Sunday morning I mounted my steed
And southward from HARTFORD had meant to proceed ;

My baggage was stow'd in a cart very snug,
Which RANGER, the gelding, was destined to lug ;

18 THE NEW ENGLAND SABBATH-DAY CHACE.

With his harness and buckles he loom'd very grand,
And was drove by young Darby, a lad of the land,
On land, and on water, most handy was he,
A jockey on shore, and a sailor at sea ;
He knew all the roads, he was so very keen,
And the *Bible* by heart, at the age of fifteen.

As thus I jogg'd on, by my saddle confined,
With *Ranger* and *Darby* a distance behind ;
At last in full view of a steeple we came
With a *cock* on the spire (I suppose he was game ;
A dove in the pulpit may suit your grave people,
But always remember—a cock on the steeple)
Cries Darby—' Dear master, I beg you to stay ;
Believe me there's danger in driving this way ;
Our deacons on Sundays have power to arrest
And lead us to church, if your honour thinks best,
Though still I must do them the justice to tell,
They would choose you should pay them the fine,
full as well.'

' The fine (said I) Darby, how much may it be—
A shilling or sixpence? why, now let me see,
Three shillings are all the small pence that remain,
And to change a half joe would be rather *profane*.
Is it more than three shillings, the fine that you
speak on ;

What say you, good Darby—will that serve the
deacon.'

'Three shillings! (cried Darby) why master, you're
jesting!—

Let us *luff* while we can and make sure of our *west-
ing*—

Forty shillings, excuse me, is too much to pay ;
It would take my month's wages—that's all I've to
say.

By taking *this road* that inclines to the right
The squire and the sexton may bid us good night,

If once to old Ranger I give up the rein
The parson himself may pursue us in vain.'

'Not I, my good DARBY (I answer'd the lad)
Leave the church on the left! they would think we
were mad ;

I would sooner rely on the heels of my steed,
And pass by them all, like a *Jehu* indeed:
As long as I'm able to lead in the race
Old Ranger, the gelding, will go a good pace,
As the deacon pursues he will fly like a swallow,
And you in the cart, must, undoubtedly, follow.'

Then approaching the church, as we pass'd by
the door

The sexton peep'd out, with a saint or two more,
A deacon came forward and waved us his hat,
A signal to drop him some money—mind that!—
'Now Darby (I halloo'd be ready to skip,
Ease off the curb bridle—give Ranger the whip:
While you have the rear, and myself lead the way
No doctor or deacon can catch us this day.'

By this time the deacon had mounted his pony
And chaced for the sake of our souls, and our money:

The saint as he followed, cried—'Stop them, halloo!'

As swift as he followed, as swiftly we flew.—

'Ah master! (said Darby) I very much fear
We must drop him some money to check his career
He is gaining upon us and waves with his hat,
There's nothing dear master will stop him but that.
Remember the Beaver (you well know the fable)
Who flying the hunters as long as he's able,
When he finds that his efforts can nothing avail,
But death and the puppies are close at his tail,
Instead of desponding at such a dead lift,
He bites off *their object*, and makes a free gift—

Since fortune all hope of escaping denies
 Better give them a little than loose the whole prize.
 But scarce had he spoke when we came to a place
 Whose muddy condition concluded the chace,
 Down settled the cart, and old Ranger stuck fast
 ‘*Aha!* (*said the saint*) *have I catch’d ye at last?*’

.
 Cætera desunt.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

(PINDAR.)

A THOUSAND Frogs upon a summer’s day,
 Were sporting ’midst the sunny ray,
 In a large pool, reflecting ev’ry face;—
 They show’d their gold-lac’d clothes, with pride;
 In harmless sallies, frequent vy’d,
 And gambol’d through the water, with a *grace*.

It happened that a band of boys,
 Observant of their harmless joys,
 Thoughtless resolv’d to spoil their happy sport;
 One frenzy seiz’d both GREAT and SMALL:
 On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
 Meaning to *splash* them, not to do them *hurt*.

As Milton quaintly sings, ‘the stones ’gan pour,’
 Indeed an Otaheite show’r!
 The consequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye;
 One’s eye was beat out of his head;—
 This limp’d away, that lay for dead,—
 Here mourn’d a broken back, and there a belly.

Among the *smitten*, it was found,
 Their beauteous queen receiv’d a wound;
 The blow gave ev’ry heart a sigh,
 And drew a tear from ev’ry eye;
 At length King CROAK got up, and thus begun—
 ‘My lads, you think this very pretty FUN!’

- 'Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—
 'Have *warmly* complimented all our chops;
 'To *you*, I guess, that these are *pleasant stones*!
 'And so they might be to *us Frogs*,
 'You damn'd young good-for-nothing dogs,
 'But that they are so *hard*—they break our bones.'
-

THE BAT AND THE WEASELS.

A FABLE.

OF weasels some eat birds. Again
 Others eat mice. So says Fontaine.
 If I am wrong tho' in this same,
 Mark me, the Frenchman is to blame.

A smart young bat for wenching sake,
 Was out one night upon the rake:
 (Nay, frown not: bats, as well as men,
 Must—that they must—sin now and then:)
 And while a weasel was at rest
 Popt by mistake into his nest.
 'Who's there?' cries small guts: 'wife! my dear!
 'Some rogue, some thief's got in I fear.
 'Who's there? I say—O, sir! is't you?
 'This visit you'll be apt to rue.
 'Ar' n't you a mouse? speak: are you not?
 'Speak, sirrah, or you go to pot.
 'You know, you dog, I hate you all;—
 'I say, I hate you, great and small.'

Some trifle fluster'd, quoth th' intriguer,
 'Why, my dear sir, you're vastly eager.
 'Sure any bird would think you mad!
 'A mouse, too! very high egad!
 'Pray have mice wings? look: wings like these sir?
 'Answer me only, if you please, sir:

'I. heav'n be thank'd! am of the feather,
 'And glad I am we're here together.'
 The honest landlord gaz'd and gaz'd;
 Never was weasel so amaz'd.

The matter settled, off goes bat:
 'Odzooks,' quoth he, 'I hit it pat:
 'Th' escape I had was good enough!
 'For once my wit has sav'd my buff.
 'But softly, who lives here? I'll call—
 'Another weasel faith that 's all.'
 Mine host who lik'd a fowl for supper,
 Quick seiz'd our hero by the crupper.
 'Hallo! here! murder! help,' cries he;
 'What means this outrage, sir, on me?
 'D'ye take me for a bird?—the devil?
 'What 's all this,—sir,—I say be civil.
 'Blood, I'm a mouse.' The weasel saw
 The mouse's head and little paw:
 He begg'd his pardon; 'twa'nt intended
 'Gainst one he'd sooner have defended;
 Hop'd he'd forgive it—a mistake—
 Which any one at night might make.
 Be sure he made not much ado;
 Away the rogue in buckram flew.

Thus crafty folks will act; whene'er
 They're press'd, they change, and think 'tis fair: }
 They're this thing here, and t'other there.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD HORSE.

(DR. LADD.)

LET no facetious mortal laugh,
 To see a horse's epitaph:
 Lest some old steed, with saucy phiz,
 Should have the sense to laugh at his;

As well he might ; for prove we can,
The courser equal to the man.

This horse was of supreme degree,
At least no common steed was he.
He scorn'd the tricks of sly trepanners,
And never horse had better manners.
He scorn'd to tell a lie, or mince
His words by clipping half their sense:
But if he meant to shew you why,
He'd out with't, let who would be by.
And (how can man the blush restrain?)
Ne'er took his Maker's name in vain!
A better servant horse was never,
His master own'd that he was clever.
Then to his equals all obliging,
To his inferiors quite engaging ;
A better christian, too I trow,
'Than some denominated so.
In him we the good father find,
The duteous son the husband kind:
The friend sincere—tho' not to brag,
The honest and well meaning nag.

Then let those fools who vainly laugh,
To see a horse's epitaph,
Go, grope among the human dust,
And find an epitaph more just.

A KING AND A BRICK-MAKER.

(PINDAR.)

A KING, near Pimlico, with nose and state,
Did very much a neighb'ring brick-kiln hate,
Because this kiln did vomit nasty smoke ;
Which smoke—I can't say very neatly bred,
Did very often take it in the head, [choke.
To blacken the great house, and try the king to

His sacred Majesty would sputt'ring say,

Upon a windy day,

'I'll make the rascal and his brick-kiln hop;

'P-x take the smoke! the sulphur! zounds!

'It forces down my throat by pounds;

'My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop.'

One day, he was so pestered by a cloud,

He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud:

'Go,' (roar'd his Majesty unto a page;

Work'd like a lion, to a dev'lish rage)

'Go tell the rascal, who the brick-kiln owns,

'That if he dares to burn another brick,

'Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,

'I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones.'

Off set the page, and soon his errand told:

On which the brick-maker—a little bold,

Exclaim'd, '*He* break my bones, good master page!

'*He* say, my kiln sha'n't burn another brick,

'Because it blacks his house, and makes him sick!

'Go—give my compliments to master's rage,

'And say *more bricks* I am resolv'd to burn;

'And—(if the smoke his worship's stomach turn)

'To stop his royal mouth and snout:

'Nay, more, good PAGE; His Majesty shall find,

'I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,

'And, dam'me, try to smoke him out.'

This was a dreadful message to the King,

From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud:

Yet, though so impudent a thing,

The fellow's rhet'ric could not be withstood.

Stiff, as against poor Hasting's, Edmund Burke,

This brick-maker went, tooth and nail to work,

And form'd a true Vesuvius on the eye:

The smoke in pitchy volumes roll'd along,

Rush'd thro' the royal dome with sulphur strong,

And then, ascending, darken'd all the sky.

Thus did this cloud of darkness daily shade
 The building for the Lord's Anointed made,
 And blacken'd it, like pall's, that grace a burying :
 Thus was this Man of Mud and straw employ'd,
 And, at the thought so wicked overjoy'd,
 Of smoaking his liege sov'reign like a Herring :
 Of serving him, as we do parts of swine,
 Thought, with green peas, a dish extremely fine.
 But lo! this baneful Rogue of brick,
 Fell, for his sov'reign, fortunately sick,
 And, ere the wretch could please his spleen and
 pride.
 Of turning Monarchs into bacon—dy'd.

TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.

(AMERICAN MUSEUM.)

In the lott'ry of life, lest dame fortune beguile,
 'This great truth we should ever premise,
 That altho' the bright goddess may simper and smile
 She has always—two blanks to a prize!

If a husband you'd take, miss—or you sir, a wife,
 From this maxim divert not your eyes ;
 For of one and the other I'll venture my life,
 There are more than—two blanks to a prize!

If in law you're entangl'd, why then, silly man,
 As a friend, give me leave to advise ;
 Slip your neck from the collar, as fast as you can :
 There are fifty—two blanks to a prize!

And if for preferment, you're striving at court,
 Or by merit expect you shall rise ;
 Then your chance is not worth, sir, three fourths
 of a groat:
 There are ninety—two blanks to a prize!

D

HUMANITY AND INGRATITUDE.

(FRENCH.)

By the side of the sea, in a cottage obscure,
There lived an old fellow named Charlot Boncoeur,
Who was free to his neighbour and good to the poor,
Catching fish was his trade,
And all people said,
That mischief to nothing but fish he design'd,
To all *people* else, he was candid and kind.

One day as he went to the brink of the lake,
Persuading the fishes their dinner to take,
(The last he intended they ever should make)
While his hooks he employ'd to their sorrow and wo
A grunting he heard in the waters below ;
And casting his eyes to the bottom. (for here
We 'll suppose that the water was perfectly clear)
He saw on the bed of the liquid profound
An unfortunate wight who was drowning, or
drowned.

That the man to the surface once more might ascend
He took up his pole, with a hook at the end,
And to it he fell,
And managed so well,

That soon to the margin the carcase was drawn,
And who should it be but his old neighbour JOHN!

Now, some how or other, it pop'd in his head,
That in spite of his drowning the man was not dead,
And while he was thinking what means to devise
That his friend might recover and open his eyes,
He saw with vexation and sorrow, no doubt,
That, in lugging him up, he had put one eye out—
However, convinced, from what he had heard,
That John might be living, for aught that appear'd;
To his cottage he took him, and there had him bled,
Rubb'd, roll'd on a barrel, and then put to bed:

So in less than a week (to his praise be it said)
 In less than a week, the man was as sound
 (Excepting the loss of his eye and the wound)
 As if in his life he had never been drowned.

But when John had begun to travel about,
 He was sadly chagrined that his eye was put out,
 And forgetting what service his neighbour had done
 him,

Went off to a lawyer, and clapt a writ on him:
 Talked much of the value of what he had lost,
 That Charlot must pay all the damage and cost,
 And if with such sentence he would not comply,
 He swore he would have his identical eye.

That Charlot was vexed, we hardly need say,
 Yet he urged what he could in a moderate way,
 Declared to the judges, by way of defence,
 'That the action was wrought without malice pre-
 pense ;

That his conscience excus'd him for what he had
 done ;

That fortune was only to blame—and that John
 Might have thought himself happy (when death was
 so nigh)

To purchase his life with the loss of an eye—
 That the loss of an eye is a serious affair
 Was certain—and yet he'd be bold to declare,
 That the man who can shew but one eye in his head,
 Is better by far than a man that is dead.'

In answer to all the defendant's fine pleading,
 John said ' He had never yet found in his reading,
 A people, or nation, or senator sage,
 Or a law, or a custom, in whatever age,
 Permitting (unpunished) by force or surprise
 One neighbour to put out his next neighbour's eyes.'

The lawyers and judges were all at a stand
 Which way to conclude on the matter in hand,
 'Till a half-witted fellow, who chanced to be there,

Undertook to decide on this weighty affair ;
And cry'd, 'Can you doubt in a case that 's so plain:
Be guided by me, and you'll ne'er doubt again:
The plea of the plaintiff rests wholly on this ;
In fishing him up he takes it amiss,
That Charlot manœuvred with so little skill,
So awkwardly fumbled and managed so ill,
As thus with his bungling to ruin John's look,
And put out an eye with the point of his hook—
Well, now, my lord judges, attend my decree,
Straitway let the plainliff be thrown in the sea,
And, after reposing awhile on the bottom,
If he get out alone from where Charlot got him,
Safe, sound, and undamaged—why, then 'tis my
sentence

That Charlot be punished and brought to repentance.
But if, after gasping and flouncing about.
He drowns in the water, and fails getting out,
Why, then, it is justice, it must be confest,
'That Charlot forthwith be discharged from arrest,
Absolved from all punishment due to the wound,
And paid in the bargain, 'cause John was not
drowned.'

The audience were struck with a world of surprise
To find that a fool could give counsel so wise.
The judges themselves the sentence espoused.
And freely consented that John should be soused.

John finding that matters had took a wrong turn,
Not waiting to see if the court would adjourn.
Sneaked out of the house, with a hiss of disgrace;
In dread lest the sentence should quickly take place,
Grown pliant at last, his cause he withdrew—
His plea was so bad and his friends were so few ;
It was needless, he thought on the cast of a die
To venture his life for the sake of an eye.
And concluded 'twas better to give up the suit,
Than risk the one left, and be smothered to boot.

THE MONKEY, WHO SHAVED HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS.

A FABLE.

(HUMPHREYS.)

A MAN who own'd a barber's shop
At York, and shav'd full many a fop,
A monkey kept for their amusement ;
He made no other kind of use on't—
This monkey took great observation,
Was wonderful at imitation,
And all he saw the barber do,
He mimick'd strait, and did it too.

It chanc'd, in shop the dog and cat,
While friseur din'd, demurely sat ;
Jacko found nought to play the knave in ;
So thought he'd try his hand at shaving.
Around the shop in haste he rushes,
And gets the razors, soap and brushes ;
Now puss he fix'd (no muscle miss stirs)
And lather'd well her beard and whiskers,
Then gave a gash, as he began—
The cat cried, waugh! and off she ran.
Next Towser's beard he tried his skill in,
Tho' Towser seem'd somewhat unwilling:
As badly here again succeeding,
The dog runs howling round and bleeding.

Nor yet was tir'd, our roguish elf:
He'd seen the barber shave himself ;
So by the glass, upon the table,
He rubs with soap his visage sable ;
Then with left hand holds smooth his jaw ;—
The razor, in his dexter paw,
Around he flourishes and slashes,
Till all his face is seam'd with gashes.
His cheeks dispatch'd—his visage thin
He cock'd, to shave beneath his chin ;

Drew razor swift as he could pull it,
And cut, from ear to ear, his gullet.

NORAL.

Who cannot write, yet handle pens,
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends,
Tho' others use them well, yet fools
Should never meddle with edge-tools.

THE SPORTSMAN IN STYLE.

(DIBDIN.)

Don't you see that as how I'm a sportsman in
style,

All so kickish so slim and so tall:

Why I've search'd after game, and that many's the
mile,

And seed no bit of nothing at all:

My license I pockets, my pony I strides,

And I pelts through the wind and the rain ;

And if likely to fall, sticks the spurs in the sides,

Leaves the bridle, and holds by the mane,

To be sure dad at home kicks up no little strife,

But daddy what's that, en't it fashion and life?

At sporting I never was known for to lag,

I was always in danger the first ;

When at Epping last Easter they turn'd out the stag

I'm the lad that was roll'd in the dust.

Then they call me a nincom, why over the fields,

There a little beyond Dulwich Common,

I a chick and a goose tumbled neck over heels,

And two mudlarks, besides an old woman ;

Then let miserly dad kick up sorrow and strife,

I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows fashion and
life.

But don't go for to think I neglects number one—
Often when my companions with ardour,
Are hunting about with the dog and the gun,
I goes and I hunts in the larder:
There I springs a woodcock, or flushes a quail,
Or finds puss as she sits under cover,
Then soho to the barrel to start me some ale,
And when I have dined, and fed Rover,
Pays my landlord's shot, as I ogles his wife,
While the daughter cries out—lord! what fashion
and life!

Then I buys me some game, all as homeward we
jog,

And when the folks ax how I got 'em,
'Tho' I shooted but once, and then kill'd the poor dog
I swears, and then stands to 't, that I shot 'em.
So come round me ye sportsmen, that's smart and
what not,

All stylish and cutting a flash;
When your piece won't kill game charg'd with
powder and shot,

To bring 'em down, down with your cash;
And if with their jokes and their jeers folks are rife,
Why dabby, says you, e'nt it fashion and life?

MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE liv'd as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago or more,

A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd *Tom King*,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,

Expert in all the arts to teaze and *smoke*,

In short, for strokes of humour, quite the *thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—

Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
 Would croud, his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
 And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
 His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
 A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
 Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
 If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
 At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
 Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
 Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
 Just by that spot, the Seven Dials height;
 'Twas silence all around and clear the coast,
 The watch, as usual dozing on his post,
 And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the num'rous clans
 Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,

Known at that time by the name of refugees—
 The rod of persecution, from their home,
 Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam.
 And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through the
 street,

In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
 When, in a window near, a light they view;
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
 So tow'rd's the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
 (The time we may suppose near two o'clock)

'I'll ask,' says King, 'if *Thompson* lodges here'—
 '*Thompson*!' cries t'other, 'who the devil's he?'
 'I know not,' King replies, 'but want to see
 What kind of animal will now appear.'

After some time, a little Frenchman came,
 One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
 The other held a thing they call *culotte*;
 An old strip'd woollen nightcap grac'd his head,
 A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
 Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd he courteous smil'd,
 And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee—

'Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late;
 'I beg your pardon. sare, to make you wait;
 'Pray tell me. sare, vat your commands vid me?'

'Sir,' reply'd King, 'I merely thought to know,
 'As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—

'But really, I disturb'd your sleep I fear—
 'I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
 'Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
 'If there 's a Mr. *Thompson* lodges here?'

The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,

'Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest should break,
 Then with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—

'No, sare, no Monsieur *Tonson* lodges here.'

Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he sped,
 While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;

But King, resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,
 So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
 Again he made a visit to the place,

To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
 No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound;
 King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
 Firm on his post determin'd to remain;

And oft indeed he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturb'd his sleep ;

The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)

'Is there—a Mr. *Thompson*—lodges here?'

The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright—

'Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night—

(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)

No Monsieur *Tonson* in de varld I know,

No Monsieur *Tonson* here—I told you so ;

Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur *Tonson* here!'

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,

And the old Frenchman sought once more repose,

The rogue next night pursued his old career—

'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,

And then he utter'd in a piteous cry,

'Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur *Tonson* here!'

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,

And the next night came forth a prattling maid:

Whose tongue indeed than any jack went faster ;

Anxious she strove his errand to enquire,

He said 'tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,

He should not stir till he had seen her master.'

The damsel then began, in doleful state,

The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,

And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—

King told her she must fetch her master down,

A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,

But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd she went the snoring man to call,

And long indeed was she oblig'd to bawl,

E're she could rouse the torpid lump of clay—

At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,

But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,

When King attacks him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And strait in rage began his crest to rear—
'Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?
'Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
'Got tam, I swear, no Monsieur *Tonson* here!

True as the night, King went and heard a strife
Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wife,

Which would descend to chase the fiend away ;
At length to join their forces they agree,
And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,

Utt'ring the old enquiry, 'calmly stood—
The name of Thompson rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,

With, " Well, I'll call when you 're in gentler
mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went--

So fond of mischief was the wicked wit ;
They threw out water—for the watch they call,
But King expecting, still escapes from all--

Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit:

It happen'd that our wag about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime,

Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot ;
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,

And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,

He fain must stroll the well known haunt to trace;

'Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth,' he said,

'My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead--

'Egad, I'll knock and see who holds his place.'

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,

Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
He took his old abode that very day—

Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,

Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night cap seem'd the same,
With rushlight as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,

His face, indeed bespoke a heart full sore—
Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
'Begar! here 's Monsieur *Tonson* come again!
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more!

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

(COLMAN, JR.)

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown
place,

Has seen '*Lodgings to Let*,' stare him full in the face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis
well known,

Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious and
lonely,

Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a tun;—
Or like two Single Gentlemen, roll'd into One.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated ;
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated ;
And, tho' heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next ;—and
the next ;

He perspired like an ox ; he was nervous, and vex'd ;
Week pass'd after week ; till by weekly succession, •
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his ~~condition~~ began much to
doubt him ;

For his skin, ' like a lady's loose gown, hung about
him ;

He sent for a Doctor and cried, like a ninny,
' I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's
a guinea.'

The Doctor look'd wise:—' a slow fever,' he said:
Prescribed sudorificks,—and going to bed.

' Sudorificks in bed, (exclaim'd Will) are humbugs ;
' I've enough of them there, without paying for
drugs.'

WILL kick'd out the Doctor:—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed ;
So, calling his host,—he said,—' Sir do you know,
' I'm the fat single Gentleman, six months ago?

' Look 'e, landlord, I think,' argued Will, with a
grin,

' That with honest intentions you first *took me in* ;
' But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
' I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught
cold,'

Quoth the landlord—' till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
' I've let lodgings ten years ;—I'm a Baker to boot ;

' In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ;
 ' And your bed is immediately—over my Oven.'
 ' The Oven!!!' says Will—says the host, ' Why
 this passion?
 ' In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
 ' Why so crusty good sir?'—' Zounds' cries Will
 in a taking.
 ' Who would't be crusty, with half a years baking?'
 WILL paid for his rooms; cried the host with a sneer
 ' Well, I see you' ~~are~~ *away* half a year,
 Friend, we can't well agree yet no quarrel'—
 Will said ;
 ' But I'd rather not *perish*, while you *make your*
bread.'

ADVENTURES OF YOUNG WHIPSTITCH.

A TALE.

A LONDON tailor, as 'tis said,
 By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,
 Sleeve-linings, pockets, silk and twist,
 And all the long expensive list.
 With which their uncouth bills abound,
 Tho' rarely in the garment found ;
 By these and other arts in trade,
 Had soon a pretty fortune made ;
 And did what few had ever done,
 Left *thirty thousand* to his son.

The son, a gay, young swagg'ring blade,
 Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
 And lest reflection should be thrown
 On him resolved to quit the town,
 And travel where he was not known. }
 In gilded coach and liv'ries gay,
 To Oxford first he took his way ;

There beaux and belles his taste admire,
 His equipage and rich attire ;
 But nothing : as so much ador'd
 As his fine silver-hilted sword ;
 Tho' short and small, 'twas vastly neat,
 The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
 Beau Ganter begg'd to have a look,
 But when the sword in hand he took,
 He swore by G-d it was an *odd* thing,
 And look'd much like a *tailor's bodkin*.
 His pride was hurt by this expression,
 Thinking they knew his sires profession ;
 Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
 And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
 There soon he found new cause for grief,
 For dining off some fine roast beef,
 One ask'd him which he did prefer,
 Some *cabbage* or a cucumber?
 The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
 Thought it severe reflection meant ;
 His stomach turn'd he could not eat,
 So made an ungentle retreat ;
 Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
 And bade his coachman drive to Bath.
 There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was roast *goose*,
 And that he might no more be jeer'd
 Next day to Exeter he steer'd,
 There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they found him out ;
 His glass not full, as was the rule,
 They said 'twas not a *thimble* full ;
 The name of thimble was enough,
 He paid his reck'ning and went off.
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,
 And put up at the Royal Ship,
 Which then was kept by Caleb Snip. }

'Snip, Snip,' the host was often call'd,
 At which his guest was so much gall'd,
 That soon to Cambridge he removed,
 There too he unsuccessful prov'd:
 For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up:
 The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said a *remnant* sha'nt be sav'd:
 The name of remnant gall'd him so
 That he resolv'd to York he'd go:
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up:
 'Well done,' says Jack, a buck of York,
 'You go thro' *stitch*, sir, with your work.'
 The name of *stitch* was such reproach,
 He rang the bell, and call'd his coach.
 But ere he went, enquiries made,
 By what strange means they knew his trade.

'You put the cap on, and it fits,'
 Reply'd one of the Yorkshire wits;
 'Our words, in common acceptance,
 Could not find out your occupation;
 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
 To find out both your trade and you.
 Vain coxcombs, and fantastic beaux
 In ev'ry place themselves expose;
 They travel far at vast expense,
 To shew their wealth and want of sense;
 But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool.'

 EPIGRAM.

'A DRUNKEN old Scot, by the rigorous sentence
 Of the Kirk, was condemn'd to the stool of repent-
 ance;

Mess John to his conscience his vices lac'd home,
 And his danger in this and the world that's to come;
 'Thou reprobate mortal! why, doth thou not know,
 'Where, after you're dead, all you drunkards must
 go?'—
 'Must go when we're dead! *Why*, sir, you may
 swear,
 'We shall go, one and all, where we find the best
 beer.'

PARODY

ON



ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

(MAGAZINE OF WIT.)

I do remember an old BATCHELOR;
 And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
 In suit of sables, with a care-worn brow,
 Conning his books—and merge were his looks:
 Celibacy had worn him to the bone;
 And in his silent parlour hung a coat,
 The which the moths had used not less than he.
 Four chairs, one table, and one old hair trunk,
 Made up the furniture; and on his shelves
 A grease-clad candle-stick, a broken mug,
 Two tumblers, and a box of old segars;
 Remnants of volumes, once in some repute,
 Were thinly scatter'd round, to tell the eye
 Of prying stranger—*this man had no wife*.
 His tatter'd elbow gap'd most piteously;
 And ever, as he turn'd him round, his skin
 Did through his stockings peep upon the day.
 Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
 An if a man did covet single life,
 Reckless of joys that matrimony give,

Here lives a gloomy wretch would shew it him
 In such most dismal colours, that the shrew,
 Or slut, or ideot, or the gossip spouse,
 Were each an heaven, compar'd with such a life.



THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

(PINDAR.)

ONCE on a time, a monarch, tir'd with whooping,
 Whipping and spurring,
 Happy in worrying
 A poor, defenceless, harmless buck ;
 The horse and rider wet as muck :
 From his high consequence and wisdom stooping.
 Enter'd through curiosity a cot,
 Where sat a poor old woman with her pot.
 The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
 In this same cot, illumin'd by many a cranny ;
 Had finish'd apple-dumplings for her pot.
 In tempting row, the naked dumplings lay ;
 When lo ! the monarch, in his usual way,
 Like lightning, spoke, ' What 's this ? what 's
 this ? what ? what ?'
 Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
 His eyes with admiration did expand :
 And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple :
 ' 'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed ! ' he cry'd
 ' What makes it, pray, so hard ? ' the dame reply'd,
 Low curtsyng, ' Please your majesty, the apple.'
 ' Very astonishing, indeed ! strange thing !'
 (Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the king)
 ' 'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is ;
 ' It beats Pinetti's conj'ring all to pieces.

‘Strange, I *should* never of a dumpling dream!
‘But goody, tell me, where, where, where’s the
seam?’

‘Sir, there’s no seam (quoth she) I never knew,
‘That folks did apple dumplings sew;’—
‘No!’ cry’d the staring monarch, with a grin;
‘How, how the devil, got the apple in?’

THE ALMANAC MAKER.

(FRENCH.)

WHILE others dwell on mean affairs,
Monarchs, their councils and their wars,
Philaster roves among the stars.

In melancholy silence he
Travels alone and cannot see
An equal for his company.

Not one of all the learned train
Like him can manage *Charles’s wain*,
Or motion of the moon explain.

He tells us when the sun will rise,
Points out fair days, or clouded skies;—
No matter if he sometimes lies.

An annual almanac to frame,
And publish with fictitious name,
Is all his labour all his aim.

He every month has something new,
And mostly deals in what is true,
Informing all, and cheating few.

Our sister moon, the stars, the sun,
In measured circles round him run;
He knows their motions—every one.

The solar system at his will—
To mortify such daring skill,
The comets—they are rebels still.

Advancing in its daily race,
He calculate's each planet's place;
For can the moon elude his chace.

In dark eclipse when she would hide
And be awhile the cloistered bride,
He pulls her veil of crape aside.

Each passing age must have its taste:
The sun is in the centre placed,
And fuel must supply his waste;

But how to find it he despairs,
Nor will he leave his idle cares,
Or Jove to mind his own affairs.

He prophesies the sun's decay;
And while he would his fate delay,
New sorrows on his spirits prey.

The pole has left its ancient track,
The signs are all a going back,
Indeed they are a stubborn pack.

So much upon his shoulders laid,
He reads what Aristotle said;
Then calls the comets to his aid.

The people of the lunar sphere
(As he can plainly make appear)
Are coming nearer year by year.

Though others often gaze in vain,
Not one of all the starry train
Could ever puzzle his strong brain.

The ram, the twins, the shining goat,
And Argo in the skies afloat,
To him are things of little note:

And that which now adorns the bear,
(I heard him say) the sailor's star,
Will be, in time, the lord knows where ;

Will shine, he says, in southern skies,
And be observed by other eyes,
Which now to see him he defies.

Thus nature waiting at his call,
His book, in vogue with great and small,
Is sought, admired, and read by all.

How happy thus on earth to stay,
The planets keeping him in pay—
And when 'tis time to part away,

Old *Saturn* will a bait prepare,
And hook him up from toil and care
To make new calculations *there*.

THE INDIAN CONVERT.

(AMERICAN MUSEUM.)

WHEN our fathers were driven by British oppression,
Of their dear native country to quit the possession,
And fled to this land to enjoy their opinions,
They were welcom'd by Indians to Indian dominions.

Now zealous to propagate christian religion
 In such an idolatrous, ignorant region.
 They courted the natives with generous liquor,
 Expecting that they'd become christians the quicker.

In a neighbouring wigwam resided two brothers,
 The heathen was one's faith, but christian the others,
 To the English *his* visits were frequent and pleasant
 They gave him good liquor and many a present.

The heathen begrudg'd the good luck of his brother,
 And resolv'd to share with him some way or other,
 'How is it,' quoth he, 'the white folks are so
 friendly,

'To make you such presents, and treat you so
 kindly?'

He answer'd, 'I gave them a piece out of scripture,
 'And now and then quote them a piece of a chapter;
 'This pleases them well, and good cider they give,
 'If you do the same the same you 'll receive.'

Quoth he to himself, 'So I will if I'm able,'
 Then getting some names by rote from the bible,
 He went and sat himself down on the floor,
 And said 'Adam, Eve, Cain, the Devil, Job, Koar.'
 He was ask'd, with surprise, what he meant by
 all this?

Quoth he 'I mean cider, why could not you guess?'

MONSIEUR KANIFERSTANE.

ONCE on a time, a little French Marquis,

For travel felt a mighty inclination:

To shew himself, and foreign parts to see,

He undertook a bold peregrination.

At Dieppe, he found a sloop just under weigh,

By Dutchmen mann'd, and bound for Amsterdam.

Wind and tide serving, off he sail'd away,
 And, soon sea-sick beyond finesse or sham,
 Close in the cabin he preferr'd to nestle,
 There, faint and languid, for a space he doz'd ;
 Till, from the increas'd commotion in the vessel,
 That land might be in sight he well suppos'd ;
 So to the deck he climb'd with empty maw,
 And, sure enough, Dutch terra-firma saw.
 While in the cabin sick and sad he lay,
 Tho' a true Frenchman he ne'er dreamt of talking;
 But, when on deck his spirits grew more gay,
 And his blood 'gan to circulate with walking,
 He recollected that he had a tongue.
 Now, tho' a Frenchman, French with ease can
 jabber,
 And doubtless thinks all other ears are hung
 Like those he left at home, yet a Dutch swabber
 Is apt enough no other speech to know
 Than that which first he learn'd from *Mother*
 Frow.
 Such was the case of all this trunk-hos'd crew.
 The marquis struck with wonder and delight,
 Enraptur'd gaz'd on objects all so new ;
 At length a sumptuous palace caught his sight,
 Which, proudly rising from the water's side,
 Shew'd its new-painted front with flow'rets gay,
 While trim responsive gardens spreading wide,
 Display'd Dutch taste in regular array.
 Anxious to know who own'd the pleasing scene,
 The marquis bowing, with a grinning face,
 Demanded of a tar, in French I ween.
 'To whom belong'd that most enchanting place?'
 The tar, who knew as much of French as Greek,
 Ey'd him at first with something like disdain ;
 Then as he shifted round his quid to speak,
 With growling voice, cry'd *'Ik kan niet verstaan.**

* This means, "I do not understand you."

‘ Oh! oh’ reply’d the marquis, ‘ does it so?
 To Monsieur *Kaniferstane*, lucky man!
 The palace to be sure, lies rather low ;
 But, then, the size and grandeur of the plan!
 I never saw a chateau on the Seine,
 Equal to this of Monsieur *Kaniferstane*.’

While he thus spoke, the sailors anchor cast,
 As the marquis descended on the quay,
 He saw a charming frow that chanc’d to pass,
 In liveliest bloom of youth and beauty gay,
 Bedeck’d with all the Amsterdam parade
 Of gold and silver, pearls and jewels rare ;
 On the marquis she much impression made ;
 His tender breast soon own’d a pleasing flame ;
 Stopping a passenger, he, bowing said,
 ‘ Mousieur pray tell me who’s that lovely dame?’
 The civil Dutchman bow’d to him again,
 And gently answer’d ‘ *Ik kan niet verstaan*.’

‘ What Monsieur *Kaniferstane*’s wife!’ the marquis
 cry’d,
 ‘ He who has got yon gay and sumptuous house?
 Well! that some men have luck can ’t be deny’d ;
 What! such an edifice. and such a spouse!
 Ma foi! I think I never should complain,
 Had I the lot of Monsieur *Kaniferstane*.’

As on the morrow, through the streets he pass’d,
 Gazing on the pretty sights about,
 On a large open hall his sight he cast,
 Where bustling crowds were going in and out.
 Joining the throng, he entrance soon obtain’d,
 And found the people much engaged to see
 The numbers which the blanks and prizes gain’d
 In their high mightinesses’ lottery.
 Some laugh’d, some wept, some groan’d and some
 exclaim’d,
 In all the spirit of true castle-builders,

When, on a sudden, a loud voice proclaim'd
 The sov'reign prize of twenty thousand guilders!
 'And who,' the marquis cry'd, to one close by,
 'Who has the luck this mighty prize to gain?'
 The man survey'd him with a doubtful eye,
 And slowly answer'd, '*Ik kan niet ver staan.*'

'What! Monsieur *Kaniferstane* got the prize!
 The marquis cry'd, 'he 's lucky on my life;
 He who has got a house of such a size,
 And such a garden, too, and such a wife!
 Diable! you may very well be vain,
 With all these treasures, Monsieur *Kaniferstane*!'

A week or two elaps'd when, as he stray'd,
 On novelty intent, he chanc'd to meet,
 Adorn'd with solemn pomp and grave parade,
 A sumptuous burial coming up the street:
 'Monsieur,' said he, as bowing to a baker,
 Who left his shop the pageantry to see,
 And just had nodded to the undertaker,
 'Pray, Monsieur, whose grand burial may this be?'
 The baker, as he turn'd to shop again,
 Reply'd most gravely, '*Ik kan niet verstaan.*'

'Mon Dieu!' exclaim'd the marquis, 'what pity!
 Monsieur *Kaniferstane*! with surprise!
 He had the noblest palace in this city!
 And such a wife! and such a glorious prize!
 Alack! alack! good fortune smiles in vain;
 So rest in peace, good Monsieur *Kaniferstane*!'

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

(PINDAR.)

A GROUP of topers at a table sat,
 With punch, that much regales the thirsty soul:
 Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
 Humming and pitching, round the mantling bowl.

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At length those flies got drunk ; and for their sin,
 Some hundreds lost their legs and tumbled in ;
 And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
 Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd.

Wanting to drink—one of the men
 Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
 And drank—then, taking care that none were lost,
 He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew, on this,
 Taking it very much amiss—
 Swearing, and in the attitude to smite:
 'Lord! (cry'd the man with gravely-lifted eyes)
 'Though *I don't* like to swallow flies,
 'I did not know but *others might*.'

THE PETTIFOGGER, or FEE SIMPLE, Esq.

(FURNEAU.)

IN a town I could mention. a lawyer resided
 As cunning as Satan. and fond of disputes ;
 In wrangles and quarrels he ever confided,
 To keep on his docket a long string of suits.

Of little importance, nay, paltry and mean,
 The matter contested, a pig or a hen ;
 But one thing he stuck to, he ever was seen
 To have for his pleading just one pound ten.

With pleasure he saw that the quarrels increased,
 Each day he had business from wranglesome men,
 But all to the 'squire was a holiday feast
 While he got his dear FEE, the one pound ten.

A parchment, Caveto, hung up in his hall,
 Which cautioned the reader to read and attend,

That for one pound ten he would quibble and brawl,
Twist, lie, and do all things a cause to defend.

Sometimes when the limits of lots were disputed,
He would put all to rights in the turn of a straw;
From the tenth of an inch he his pocket recruited,
Till he made the two parties curse lawyer and law.

Thus matters went on, and the lawyer grown rich,
Fed high, and swilled wine till the dropsy began
To bloat up his guts to so monstrous a pitch,
You would hardly have known him to be the
same man.

At last he departed, and when he had died,
His worship arriving at Belzebub's den;
How much is the entrance? (demanded the guide)—
Old Devil made answer, 'Tis ONE POUND TEN.'

PATIENCE.

'Twas at some country place, a parson preaching,
The virtue of long sufferance was teaching:
And so pathetically did exhort
His list'ning congregation, and in short
Discours'd so much of Job, and how he bore
With such exceeding pleasantry his woes,
Faith 'twas enough to make a man suppose
Job wish'd for more.

Meaning, perhaps, that since 'tis plain,
How needlessly we grieve at pain;
How would it be if man
Pursu'd a different plan,
And were to laugh and treat the matter lightly;
And not, when tortur'd with the gout,
To make wry faces, roar and shout,
But look agreeable and sprightly.

'And pray, d'ye think my dearest life,'
 Exclaim'd the parson's wife,
 As after church they sat,
 In courteous chat,
 'That 'tis in human nature to endure
 'The sad extremity of wo,
 'That Job, you say, did undergo?
 'Tis more than you or I could do, I'm sure.'
 'My dear,' quoth he, 'this diffidence,
 'Shews, let me tell you, great good sense,
 'A talent in your sex we seldom see;
 'And doubtless the remark is true,
 'As far as it extends to you,
 'Tho' not, I think, to me.

'No woman, since the world began,
 'Could bear misfortune like a *man*—
 'And in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
 'And that without much vanity,
 'I do conceive that I myself have shewn,
 'That patience and that strength of mind
 'Were not entirely confin'd
 'To Job alone.'

Thus said the modest priest, and would have said
 much more,

But for the sudden opening of the door,
 When out of breath, in stumps
 His clownish servant 'Numps,'
 His mouth wide open, on the parson gazing—
 Just like the wight,
 Who drew old Priam's curtains in the night,
 To tell him Troy was blazing.

'Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look'st so
 pale!
 'Has any thing gone wrong?' quoth Numps, 'the
 ale.'

'What,' cries the priest, 'the ale gone sour?'
 (And then his phiz began to lower;)

'Turn'd sour? no méaster, no,' reply'd the fellow;
 'But just now, as I went, d' ye see,
 'To tilt the cask—away rolled he,
 'And all the liquor's spilt about the cellar.'
 The fact was, Numps the cask of ale had stav'd;
 Now, prythee, tell me how the priest behav'd?
 Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair?
 Or like that silly fellow Job,
 Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe?
 Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear?
 And thus, in voice of pious resignation,
 He to this man address'd this *mild* oration:
 'May God confound thee, thou d--n'd stupid bear,
 The best of priests you know, will sometimes swear,
 'What, you must meddle, must ye
 'With the barrel, and be curst t' ye?
 'I wish thy paws were in the fire—Odd rot 'm—
 'Get thee down stairs, this instant, wretch,
 'Or by the living G--d I'll kick thy breech
 'From top to bottom.'
 'Nay, now, my dearest,' cried the dame,
 'Is this your patience?—Fie for shame!
 'I beg you 'll recollect your text,
 'Job was not half so vext
 'When he 'd his sons and daughters to bewail.'
 'D--n all his sons and daughters if you choose,
 'Answer me this, I say—did Job e'er lose
 'A barrel of such ale?'

EPIGRAM

ON THE DEATH OF A NOTED KNAVE.

If heav'n be pleas'd when sinners cease to sin—
 If hell be pleas'd, when sinners enter in—
 If earth be pleas'd freed from a truckling knave—
 'Then all are pleas'd — — is in his grave.

THE SEGAR.

A PARODY ON SAPPHO'S ODE.

(Translated by Phillips.)

BLEST as old Homer's gods is he,
 'The man, at night from trouble free,
 Who in the chimney-corner smokes,
 Gaily talks, and blithly jokes.
 'Tis this, that oft has sooth'd my breast,
 And added sharpness to the jest.
 Wit, beaming 'midst the smoaking croud,
 Appears like Sol behind a cloud.
 Smoke solid pleasure can impart;
 'Tis this that oft has cheer'd my heart;
 For, while I smoke, in fancy gay,
 I nod, and smile, and puff away.

VERSES

ON THE CREW OF A CERTAIN VESSEL,

*Several of whom happened to be of the same Name with
 celebrated Clergymen.*

(PRENEAU.)

IN life's unsettled, odd career,
 What changes every day appear
 To please or plague the eye!
 A goodly brotherhood of priests
 Are here transform'd to swearing beasts,
 That heaven and hell defy.

Here Bonner, bruis'd with many a knock,
 Has changed his surplice for---a frock;
 Old Erskine swabs the deck:

And Watts, that once such pleasure took,
In writing hymns, here grown a cook,
Sinners no longer vex.

Here Burnet, Tillotson, and Blair,
With Jemmy Hervey, curse, and swear:
Here Cudworth mixes grog;
Pearson the crew to dinner hails,
A graceless Sherlock trims the sails,
And Bunyan heaves the log.

ANNE—OR, THE GRACES.

(AMERICAN MUSEUM.)

INSTRUCTED to hold up her head;
With *grace* to sing, with *grace* to tread—
With *grace* to talk on love-affairs—
With *grace* at church to say her prayers,
With *grace* her parents to confute,
With *grace* on morals to dispute,
At last fell ANNE (such oft the case is)
A sacrifice to all the *graces*.

A CATCH.

TO A COMPANY OF BAD FIDDLE-SCRAPERS.

(AMERICAN MUSEUM.)

MAY ye never play in tune,
In the morning, night, or noon:
May you ne'er at noon or night,
Know the wrong end from the right.

May the strings be ever breaking,
Pegs, I charge ye, ne'er unscrew;
May your heads be always aching,
Till the fiddle's broke in two,

THE SUICIDE.

EPIGRAM.

(AMERICAN MUSEUM.)

I TELL thee, dear girl, and believe me, 'tis true;
 I never beheld such a creature as you,
 Such wit! and such beauty!—such taste and such
 pride!

Thou ne'er hadst an equal since Jezabel died.
 Fine shape, and fine face, with a simper so thievish
 Yet artful, deceitful, ill natur'd, and peevish.
 God moulded thy face, but the devil thy heart;
 What a pity that Satan should spoil the best part!

THE SUICIDE.

(AMERICAN MUSEUM.)

Virginibus puerisque; canto. HOR. III. OP. I.

SCENES of mirth and joy, farewell!

Sadly let the muse complain:
 Let her seek to move the tear,
 Sympathetic and sincere;
 Render not her efforts vain.

Ye who tender passions know,
 Listen to this tale of wo;
 Ye, whose breasts with pity burn,
 Drop a tear on Damon's urn.

And you, ye fair, example take
 From this affecting story;
 Nor still persist the hearts to break,
 Of lovers who adore ye.

Who to your charms shall make pretence,
 And with addresses tease you,
 If virtue, beauty, wit, and sense
 In vain combine to please you?

THE CARPENTER AND THE COFFINS.

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Let Damon's fate your pity share ;
Long sought he Chloe's heart to gain ;
But Chloe, cruel, cruel fair,
Return'd his passion with disdain.

Lo! at her feet he sues for grace ;
Sighs, more than words, his flame discover ;
Whilst, trickling down his beauteous face,
The big round drops confess the lover!

In vain his tears, in vain his sighs—
For Chloe, frowning, bids him leave her:
'Yes, I'll obey her.' Damon cries,
'And rather die than grieve her.'

He draws his sword in wild despair ;
(Poor Chloe trembled, wept, and blubber'd)
Three times he flourish'd it in air,
Then plung'd it in—the scabbard!

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER, AND THE COFFINS.

(PINDAR.)

In the last war, French pris'ners often dy'd,
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beside—
Presents for valour, from damp walls and chinks
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt ;
And vermin, and all sorts of dirt ;
And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare,
That ever sought the nose, or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd necessary things,
Forming a pretty sort of wooden wings,
For wafting men to graves, for t' other world ;

Where anchor'd, (doom'd to make no voyages more)
 The rudders of our souls are put ashore,
 And all the sails for ever fur'l'd.

A carpenter first cousin to the may'r,
Hight Master Screw, a man of reputation,
 Got leave, through borough-int'rest, to prepare
 Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation—
 I mean, for luckless Frenchmen that were dead ;
 And very well indeed Screw's contract sped.

His good friend, Death, made wonderful demands,
 As if they play'd into each other's hands ;
 As if the Carpenter and Death went snacks ;
 Wishing to make as much as e'er they could,
 By this same contract coffin-wood,
 For such as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This Carpenter like men of other trades, * *
 Whom conscience very easily persuades,
 To take from neighbours useless superfluity ;
 Resolv'd upon an economic plan,
 Which shews, that in the character of man,
 Economy is not an incongruity.
 I know, some monarchs say the same—whose pulses
 Beat high, for iv'ry chairs, and beds, and bulses.

For, lo ! this man of economic sort
 Made all his coffins much too short,
 Yet snugly he accommodates the dead—
 Cuts off, with much *sang froid*, the head,
 And then to keep it safe as well as warm,
 He gravely puts it underneath the arm ;
 Making the dead man quite a PARIS beau !
 Holding his jowl *en bras chapeau*.

LINES,

Copied from a Board over the Door of John Grove, of White Waltham, Berks, England.

JOHN GROVE, grocer, and dealer in coffee and tea,
Sells the finest of Congo's and best of Bohea ;
A dealer in coppice, a meas'rer of land,
Sells the finest of snuffs, and the finest white sand.
A singer of psalms, and a scriv'ner of money ;
Collects the land-tax, and sells fine virgin's honey.
A ragman, a carrier, a baker of bread,
And a clerk to the living as well as the dead :
Vestry clerk, petty constable ; sells scissars and
knives,
Best Virginia and buckles, collects the small tythes ;
Is a treas'rer to clubs, and maker of wills :
He surveys men's estates, and vends Anderson's
pills.
Woollen-draper, and hosier ; sells all sorts of shoes ;
With the best earthen ware ; also takes in the news.
Deals in hurdles and eggs ; sells the best of small
beer,
The finest sea coals, and 's elected o'erseer,
Deputy surveyor ; sells fine writing paper ;
Has a vote for the county—and linen-draper,
A dealer in cheese, and the best Hampshire bacon,
Plays the fiddle divinely, if I 'm not mistaken.

THE FOREST BEAU.

(FRENCH.)

WHEN first to feel love's fire JACK STRAW begins,
He combs his hair, and cocks his hat with pins,
Views in some stream, his face, with fond regard,
Plucks from his upper lip the bristly beard,

With soap and sand his homely visage scours
 (Rough from the joint attacks of sun and showers)
 The sheepskin breeches decorate his thighs—
 Next on his back the homespun coat he tries ;
 Round his broad breast he wraps the jerkin blue,
 And sews a spacious soal on either shoe.
 Thus, all prepared, the fond adoring swain
 Cuts from his groves of pine a ponderous cane ;
 In thought a beau, a savage to the eye,
 Forth, from his mighty bosom, heaves the sigh ;
 Tobacco is the present for his fair,
 This he admires, and this best pleases her—
 The bargain struck—few cares his bosom move
 How to maintain, or how to lodge his love ;
 Close at his hand the piny forest grows,
 Thence for his hut a slender frame he hews,
 With art, (not copied from *Palladio's* rules,)
 A hammer and an axe, his only tools,
 By Nature taught, a hasty hut he forms
 Safe in the woods, to shelter from the storms ;—
 There sees the summer pass and winter come,
 Nor envies Britain's king his loftier home.

THE ROYAL SHEEP.

(PINDAR.)

SOME time ago, a dozen lambs,
 Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
 And one good motherly old ewe,
 Died on a sudden down at Kew ;
 Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas !
 Those pretty, inoffensive lambs,
 And rev'rend, horned, patriarchal rams,
 And motherly old ewe, were nibbling grass ;
 All the fair property of our great King—
 Whose death did much the royal bosom wring.

'Twas said, that dogs had tickled them to death ;
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their
breath.

Like HOMER's heroes, on th' ensanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd Mr. Robinson* around the slain ;

And never was more frighten'd in his life.
So shock'd was Mr. Robinson's whole face,
Not stronger horrors could have taken place,
Had Cerberus devour'd his wife!

With wild, despairing looks, and sighs,
And wet, and pity-asking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal presence ventur'd—
White as the whitest napkin, when he enter'd!
White as the man, who sought king PRIAM's bed,
And told him, that his warlike son was dead.

' Oh! please your majesty'—he, blubb'ring, cry'd—
And then stopp'd short—

' What? what? what? what? (the staring King re-
ply'd)—

' Speak, Robinson, speak, speak, what, what's
the hurt?'

' O sire,' said Robinson again—

' Speak—(said the king)—put, put me out of pain—

' Don't, don't, in this suspense, a body keep'—

' O sire!' cry'd Robinson, ' the sheep, the sheep!'

' What of the sheep,' reply'd the king, 'pray, pray—

' Dead, Robinson? dead? or run away?'

' Dead,(answer'd Robinson:)dead, dead, dead dead'
Then, like a drooping lilly, hung his head.

' How? how?' the monarch ask'd, with visage sad,

' By dogs,' said Robinson, ' and likely mad.'

* The hind.

'No, no, they can't be mad—they can't be mad—
 'No, no, things ar'n't so bad—things ar'n't so bad.'
 Rejoin'd the king—
 'Off with them quick to market—quick depart ;
 'In with them, in, in with them in a cart—
 'Sell, sell them, for as much as they will bring.'

Now to Fleet-Market, driving like the wind,
 Amidst his murder'd mutton, rode the hind,
 All in the royal cart so great,
 To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
 And ewe and rams,
 Design'd for many a London dinner,
 Reach'd the fair ears of Master Sheriff Skinner,
 Who with a hammer and a conscience clear,
 Gets glory, and ten thousand pounds a year:
 And who, if things go tolerably fair,
 Will be one day proud London's proud Lord Mayor.

The alderman was in his pulpit shining.
 'Midst gentlemen, with night-caps, hair and wigs;
 In language most rhetorical, defining
 The sterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When suddenly the news was brought,
 That in Fleet-Market, were unwholesome sheep;
 Which made the preacher from his pulpit leap,
 As nimble as a taylor, or as thought.

For justice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
 This king, this emperor of auctioneers,
 Set off—a furious face indeed he put on—
 Like lightning did he gallop up Cheapside!
 Like thunder down through Ludgate did he ride,
 To catch the man, who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet-Market, full of wrath he came ;
 And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,

Exceeded, I believe, by no man,
The alderman, so virtuous, cry'd out 'Shame!'
'Damme! (to Robinson, said Master Skinner)
Who on such mutton, sir, can make a dinner?'

'You, if you please,'
Cry'd Mr. Robinson, with perfect ease,
'Sir!' quoth the red-hot alderman again;
'You,' quoth the hind, in just the same cool strain.

'Off! off! (cry'd Skinner with your carrion heap;
'Quick, d——me, take away your nasty sheep!
'Whilst I command. not e'en the king
'Shall such vile stuff to market bring,
'And London stalls such garbage put on;
'So take away your stinking mutton.'

'You (reply'd Robinson) *you* cry out 'Shame!'
'You blast the sheep, good Master Skinner, pray!
'You give the harmless mutton a bad name!
'You impudently order it away!

'Sweet Master Alderman, do n't make this rout:
'Clap on your spectacles upon your snout,
'And then your keen surveying eyes regale,
'With those same fine large letters on the cart,
'Which brought this blasted mutton here for sale.'
Poor Skinner read, and read it with a start!

Like Hamlet frighten'd at his father's ghost,
The alderman stood staring like a post;
He saw G. R. inscrib'd in handsome letters,
Which prov'd the sheep belong'd unto his betters.

The alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;
And being bless'd with proper recollection,
Exclaim'd—'I've made a great mistake—Oh, sad;
'The sheep are really not so bad.

'Dear Mr. Robinson, I beg your pardon;
'Your Job-like patience I've born hard on;

'Whoever says, the mutton is not good,
 'Knows nothing, Mr. Robinson of food.
 'I verily believe, I could turn glutton,
 'On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton;
 'Pray Mr. Robinson, the mutton sell;
 'I hope, sir, that his majesty is well.'

So saying, Mr. Robinson he quitted,
 With cherubimic smiles, and placid brows,
 For such embarrassing occasions fitted;
 Adding just five and twenty humble bows.

To work went Robinson to sell the sheep,
 But people would not buy, except dog-cheap;
 At length the sheep were sold—without the fleece,
 And brought king George just half-a-crown a piece.

THE TINKER AND GLAZIER.

A TALE.

(BY MR. HARRISON.)

SINCE Gratitude, 'tis said, is not o'er common,
 And friendly acts are pretty near as few;
 And high and low, with man, and eke with woman,
 With Turk, with Pagan, Christian and with Jew;
 We ought, at least, whene'er we chance to find,
 Of these rare qualities a slender sample,
 To shew they may possess the human mind,
 And try the boasted influence of example.
 Who knows how far the novelty may charm?
 It can't at any rate, do much harm;
 The tale we give then, and we need not fear,
 The moral, if there be one, will appear.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
 One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker;
 Both with light purses, but with spirits gay,
 And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.

Their ale they quaff'd ;
 And, as they swigg'd their nappy,
 Though both agreed, 'tis said,
 That trade was wond'rous dead,
 They jok'd sung, laugh'd,
 And were completely happy.

The landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
 Glistened to see them the brown pitcher hug ;
 For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
 Had this blithe ending—'Bring us t' other mug !'
 Now Dick the glazier, feels his bosom burn,
 To do his friend, 'Tom Tinker a good turn,
 And where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
 Occasion seldom loiters long behind.

The kettle gaily singing on the fire,
 Gives Dick a hint just to his heart's desire ;
 And while to draw more ale the landlord goes,
 Dick, in the ashes, all the water throws,
 Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
 And at the Tinker winks,
 As 'trade's success !' he drinks,
 Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.
 Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand:
 So, giving each kind customer a hand,
 His friendship too display'd,
 And drank—'Success to trade !'

But, O, how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
 How long and rueful his round visage grew:
 Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
 Solder the only fluid he could view !
 He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
 And d——d the kettle's bottom o'er and o'er. *
 'Come, come !' says Dick, 'fetch us, my friend
 more ale ;
 'All trades you know, must live:
 'Let's drink--May trade with none of us, ne'er fail!
 'The job to Tom, then give ;

- And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mottle,
- Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle.
 The landlord yields, but hopes 'tis no offence,
 To curse the trade that thrives at his expense.
- Tom undertakes the job ; to work he goes,
 And just concludes it with the ev'ning's close.
- Souls so congenial, had friends Tom and Dick,
 They might be fairly call'd brother and brother;
 Thought 'Tom to serve my friend, I know a trick,
 'And one good turn always deserves another!'
- Out now he slily slips,
 But not a word he said:
 The plot was in his head,
 And off he nimbly trips.
- Swift to the neighb'ring church, his way he takes:
 Nor, in the dark,
 Misses his mark,
 But every pane of glass he quickly breaks.
- Back as he goes,
 His bosom glows,
 'To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy,
 At getting so much excellent employ!
 Return'd, he beck'ning, draws his friend aside,
 Importance in his face ;
 And, to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
 Thus briefly states the case—
- Dick! I may give you joy, you 're a made man ;
 'P've done your business most complete my friend;
 'I'm off!—the devil may catch me if he can,
 'Each window of the church you've got to mend;
 Ingratitude's worst curse on my head fall,
- If, for your sake, I have not broke them all!
- Tom with surprize, sees Dick turn pale,
 Who deeply sighs—'O, la!
 Then drops his under jaw,
 And all his pow'rs of utt'rance fail:

While horror in his ghastly face,
 And bursting eye-balls Tom can trace,
 Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
 Share with heart,
 Dick's unknown smart,
 And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.

At length, friend Dick his speech regain'd,
 And soon the mystery explain'd—

‘You have, indeed, my business done!

‘And I, as well as you must run ;

‘For let me act the best I can,

‘Tom! Tom! I am a ruin'd man.

‘Zounds! zounds! this friendship is a foolish act,

‘You did n't know with the parish I contract ;

‘Your wish to serve me, then, will cost me dear,

‘I always mend those windows, *by the year.*'

A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE:

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO MY LORD SNAKE.

(PRENEAU.)

ONE Sabbath-day morning said Sampson to Sue
 I have thought and have thought that a **TITLE** will
 do ;

Believe me, my dear, it is sweeter than syrup
 To taste of a *title* as cooked up in Europe ;

‘Your ladyship’ here, and ‘Your ladyship’ there,

‘Sir knight,’ and ‘your grace,’ and ‘his worship
 the mayor!’

But *here*, we are nothing but *vulgar* all over,
 The wife of a *cobler* scarce thinks you above her:
 What a country is this, where *madam* and *miss*
 Is the highest address from each vulgar-born cur,
 And I—even I—am but **MISTER** and **SIR**!

**Your EQUAL-RIGHT gentry I ne'er could abide
That all are born equal, by ME is denied:
And Barlow and Paine shall preach it in vain;
Look even at Brutes, and you'll see it confest
That some are intended to *manage* the rest;
Yon' dog of the manger, how stately he struts!
You may swear him *well-born*, from the size of his
guts;**

Not a better-born whelp ever snapped at his foes,
All he wants, is a GLASS TO BE STUCK ON HIS NOSE:
And then my dear Sue, between *me and you*,
He would look like the gemman whose name I forget
Who lives in a castle and never pays debt.'

**'My dear (answered Susan) 'tis said, in reproach,
That you climb like a bear when you get in a coach:
Now, your nobles that spring from the nobles of old,
Your earls and your knights, and your barons so
bold.**

From Nature inherit so handsome an air
They are noblemen born, at first glance we may
swear:

But you, that have cobbled, and I that have spun,
 'Tis wrong for our noddles on TITLES to run:
 Moreover, you know, that to make a fine show,
 Your people of note, of arms get a coat ;
 A *boot* or a *shoe* would but sneakingly do,
 And would certainly prove our nobility *new*.'

‘No matter (said Sampson) a coach shall be bought:
Tho’ the low-born may chatter, I care not a groat;
Around it a group of devices shall shine,
And mottos and emblems—to prove it is mine ;
Fair Liberty’s CAP, and a STAR, and a STRAP ;
A DAGGER, that somewhat resembles an AWL,
A pumpkin-faced GODDESS supporting a STALL:
All these shall be there—how people will stare!
And ENVY herself, that our TITLE would blast
May smile at the motto—the first shall be LAST.’

SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

(PINDAR.)

‘COME down you toad,’ cried Susan to a spider,
 High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
 And wanton swinging by his silken rope ;
 ‘I’ll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room ;
 ‘You’re now upon some murder, I presume:
 ‘I’ll bless thee ; if I don’t, say I’m no Pope.’

Then Susan brandished her long brush
 Determined on a fatal push,
 To bring the rope-dancer to the ground,
 And all his schemes of death confound,
 The Spider blest with oratory grace,
 Slipped down and staring Susan in the face,
 ‘Fie, Susan! lurks there murder in that heart?
 ‘O barb’rous lovely Susan! I’m amazed!
 ‘O! can that form on which so oft I’ve gazed,
 ‘Possess of cruelty the slightest part?
 ‘Ah! can that swelling bosom of delight,
 ‘On which I’ve peeped with wonder many a night,
 ‘Nay, with these fingers *touched* too, let me say,
 ‘Contain a heart of cruelty!—no, no!
 ‘That bosom which exceeds the new-fallen snow,
 ‘All softness, sweetness, one eternal May.’
 ‘How!’ Susan screeched as with disordered brain,
 ‘How, impudence! repeat those words again:
 ‘Come, come, confess with honesty—speak, speak,
 ‘Say, did you *really* crawl upon my neck?’
 ‘Susan by all the heavenly charms, I did ;
 ‘I saw thee sleeping by the taper’s light ;
 ‘Thy cheek so blushful, and thy breast so white:
 ‘I could not stand it, and so down I slid.’
 ‘You did, sweet Mr. Spider? so you *saw*!’
 ‘Yes, Susan! nature is a powerful law,’

Ar'n't you a murderer?' gravely Susan cries ;
 ' Ar'n't you for ever busy with that claw,
 ' Killing poor little unoffending little flies,
 ' Merely to satisfy your nasty maw.'
 ' But, Susan, don't you feed on gentle lamb?
 ' Don't you on pretty little pigeon cram?
 ' Dont you on harmless fishes often dine!
 ' That's very true quoth Susan true indeed ;
 ' Lord! with what eloquence these spiders plead!
 ' This little rascal beats a grave divine.
 ' It was no snake, I verily believe,
 ' But a sly *spider* that seduced poor Eve.
 ' But then you are so ugly'—'Ah! sweet Sue.
 ' I did not make myself, you know too well:
 ' Could I have made *myself*, I had been *you*,
 ' And killed with envy every beauteous belle.'
 ' Heavens! to this Spider!—what a witching tongue
 ' Well go about thy business—go along ;
 ' All animals indeed their food must get: ●
 ' And hear me—shouldst thou look with longing
 eyes,
 ' At any time on young fat luscious flies,
 ' I'll drive the little rascals to thy net.
 ' Lord! then how blind I've been to form and feature:
 ' I think a Spider, *now*, a comely creature!

 THE SIMPLE TRUTH MOST SIMPLY TOLD.

AN EPIGRAM.

HONEST Teague, when return'd from a trip to the North.

For to Lapland 't was said he had been ;
 Was questioned—' If during his cold wintry birth,
 Whether any Rein Deer he had seen?'
 ' When,' says he, ' by my sowle. as truth I regard,
 ' I was station'd there almost a year ;
 ' And sometimes, in the summer, it rain'd very hard,
 ' But I never once saw it rain Deer?'

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

(FINDAR.)

ECONOMY's a very useful broom ;
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
 To catch each straggling pin to make a plum.
 Too oft economy 's an iron vice,
 'That squeezes e'en the little guts of mice,
 That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.
 Proper economy 's a comely thing ;
 Good in a subject—better in a king ;
 Yet pushed too far, it dulls each finer feeling,
 Most easily inclined to make folks mean ;
 Inclines them, too, to villany to lean,
 To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.
 E'en when the heart should only think of grief,
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
 And swallows up the affections all so mild—
 Witness the Jewess and her only child.
 Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,
 High from the gallery, ere the play begun,
 He fell all plump into the pit,
 Dead in a minute as a nit:
 In short he broke his pretty Hebrew neck ;
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck !
 The mother was distracted, raving, wild :
 Shrieked, tore her hair, embraced and kissed her
 child ;
 Afflicted every heart with grief around,
 Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast.
 She cast about her eyes in thought profound ;
 And being with a saving knowledge blessed,
 She thus the play-house manager addressed :

‘Sher, I ’m de moder of de poor Chew lad,
 ‘Dat meet mishfartin here so bad—
 ‘Sher, I muss haf de shilling back, you know,
 ‘Ass Moses haf nat see de show.’

EPSOM RACES.

COME, Madam Muse, new nib thy pen,
 And put on thy best graces ;
 To sing, in merry, jocund strain,
 The joys of Epsom Races.

Curricles, coaches, chaises, gigs,
 Beaux, bloods, and mén of trade,
 Black-legs, nobles, peers, and prigs,
 All join the cavalcade.

The young, the old, the brown, the fair,
 Of pleasure take their fill ;
 The mania spreads, from Berkley-square,
 As far as Fish-street-hill!

Miss Drugget cries—‘ My sweet papa,
 Let ’s go to Epsom pray ;
 There ’s you, and I, and dear mamma,
 Will fill a one-horse chaise.

In order to go safe and slow,
 By day-break we ’ll set off ;
 The ride will do you good I know,
 And cure your nasty cough.

I *doates* upon the country now ;
 How sweet the *wernal* breezes!
 We ’ll take our dinner too I *wow*,
 And dine beneath the *treeezes*.’

Old Drugget shook his cranium wise,
 But madam cried—‘ I fegs!

What, tho' old Dobbin's lost both eyes,
He still has got four legs.

You cruel man, you're more severe,
Than Chinese, Turk, or Persian ;
Deny your wife, and daughter dear,
But one short day's diversion.

So, Mr. Drugget, pray give o'er,
And mind what I desire ;
Go to the Liv'ryman, next door,
And quick a buggy hire.'

The cit found all resistance nought,
My lady was in *arnest* ;
The chaise was hir'd, provisions bought,
And poor old Dobbin harness'd.

Through ev'ry village that they went,
The boys began a hooting ;
Their luckless steed was almost spent
Before they got to Tooting.

Old Drugget laid on many a blow,
And whipp'd with might and main ;
And, now, behold, he cry'd, 'Gee-ho !'
And now he jerk'd the rein.

At length he turn'd to spousy dear,
And said—' My sweetest jewel,
The race-ground, love, is very near,
For, see, we 're ent'ring Ewall.'

Reaching, at last, the crowded course,
They gap'd, they star'd, they wonder'd
Whilst bets upon the fav'rite horse,
Vuciferously thunder'd.

The cit exclaim'd—' Confound this din,
I wish, as I'm a sinner ;

This cursed racing would begin,
That I might get my dinner.

What with the fagging that I've had,
By Jove I'm almost dead ;
Holla! you sir! come here my lad,
You, gin and gingerbread!"

But when the racing list he reads,
To trust his sight afraid is ;
' Zounds, here's not only *sporting steeds*,
But also *sporting ladies* !

Sure there was never such a scene,
Since days of Father Adam ;
I'll see it nearer'—out he leapt,
And gave the reins to madam.

Ent'ring a booth, a dext'rous cheat,
In trick and cunning able,
Seduc'd the unsuspecting cit
To join an E. O. table.

Tempted by play's inviting call,
A guinea bright he ventures ;
And views the circling of the ball,
On expectation's tenters.

Breathless with joy, he gain'd his chaise,
And cry'd 'the guinea's won!'
But who can paint his grief, amaze—
His fav'rite watch was gone!

With dreadful ire his bosom burn'd,
But now the horses start ;
Alas! the chaise was overturn'd,
By running 'gainst a cart!

Away went Drugget and his dear,
Away went ham and chicken ;

With bottles, glasses, wine and beer,
Ye Gods, what pretty picking!

There, too, good lack, between the wheels
Was seen their hapless daughter,
Kicking aloft her lovely heels,
'Midst copious streams of porter!

'I've lost my wig,' poor Drugget roar'd,
'Your wig, that's nought,' cry'd Miss,
'Mamina has spoil'd her bran-new gown,
And I my blue pelise.'

The unlucky chaise went quite to pot,
Old Dobbin too was undone ;
At great expense a cart they got,
To take them back to London.

Arriv'd at home, th' enrag'd cit,
With words the most uncivil,
Sent horses, jockies, E. O. too,
All packing to the devil!

MURPHY DELANEY.

(C. DIEDIN, JUN.)

It was Murphy Delaney, so funny and frisky,
Popp'd in a shcebeen shop to get his skin full ;
And reel'd out again pretty well lin'd with whiskey
As fresh as a shamrock, and blind as a bull ;
But a trifling accident happen'd our rover,
Who took the quay-side for the floor of his shed
And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over
And thought all the time he was going to bed ;
And sing fillalloo, hubbaboo, whack, botheration,
Every man in his humour, as Kate kiss'd the pig!

Some folks passing by, drew him out of the river,
And got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend ;
Whoswore that poor Pat was no longer a liver,
But dead as the devil, and there was an end:
So they sent for the coroner's jury to try him,
But Pat, not half liking the comical strife,
Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by
him,

And came (when he found it convenient) to life ;
Sing fillalloo, &c.

Says Pat to the jury 'Your worships an't please you
I don't think I'm dead ; so what is it you'd do?'
'Not dead!' said the foreman, 'you spalpeen, be easy,
'Do you think, do n't the doctor know better
than you?'

So then they went on in the business further ;
Examin'd the doctor about his belief ;
Then brought poor Delaney in guilty of murder,
And swore they would hang him in spite of his
teeth ;

Sing fillalloo, &c.

But Paddy click'd hold of a clumsy shelaly,
And laid on the doctor, who, stiff as a post,
Still swore that it cou'd n't be Murphy Delaney,
But was something *alive*, and so must be his ghost
The jury began then with fear to survey him,
While he like the devil about him did pay ;
So they sent out of hand for the *clergy* to lay him,
But Pat laid the *clergy*, and then ran away ;
Sing fillalloo, &c.

THE OWL AND THE PARROT.

(PINDAR.)

AN Owl fell desp'rately in love, poor soul!
Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—

A PARROT the dear object of his wishes,
 Who in her cage enjoy'd the loaves and fishes,
 In short, had all she wanted—meat and drink,
 Washing and lodging—full enough, I think.

'Squire OWL most musically tells his tale ;
 His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail:
 POLL cannot bear, poor heart, to hear him grieve ;
 So opes her cage, without a '*By your leave ;*'
 Are married, go to bed with raptur'd faces,
 Rich words, and so forth—usual in such cases.

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet ;
 Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat:
 At length they both felt hungry—'What's for
 dinner?

'Pray what have we to eat, my dear?' quoth POLL.—
 'Nothing! by all my wisdom,' answer'd OWL ;
 I never thought of that, as I'm a sinner ;

But, POLL, on something I shall put my pats—
 What say'st thou, *deary*, to a dish of rats?

'Rats, Mister Owl! d' ye think that I'll eat *rats* ?
 Eat them yourself, or give them to the cats ;'

Whines the poor bride, now bursting into tears.—
 'Well, Polly, would you rather dine on *mouse* ?
 I'll catch a few, if any in the house ;
 Thou shalt not starve love, so dispel thy fears.'

'I won't eat rats—I won't eat mice—I won't:
 Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—do n't:

O that within my cage I had but tarried!
 'Polly,' quoth Owl, 'I'm sorry, I declare,
 So delicate, you relish not our fare—

You should have thought of that before you
married !'

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

(C. DIBDIN, JUN.)

A **LAWYER**, quite famous for making a bill,
 And who in good living delighted,
 To dinner one day, with a hearty good will,
 Was by a rich client invited!
 But he charg'd 6s. and 8d. for going to dine,
 Which the client he paid, tho' no ninny;
 And in turn charg'd the lawyer for dinner and wine,
 One a crown, and the other a guinea!

But gossips, you know have a saying in store,
 He who matches a lawyer, has only one more.

The lawyer he paid it, and took a receipt,
 While the client star'd at him with wonder;
 But gave to his friends, with the produce a treat,
 Tho' the lawyer soon made him knock under:
 That his client sold wine, information he laid,
 Without licence: and in spite of his storming,
 The client a good thumping penalty paid,
 And the lawyer got half for informing!
 But gossips, &c.

MODES OF COURTSHIP.

O **Love**, thy temple is a crowded Inn—
 And, ah! how various are thy ways to *win*!

DEVONSHIRE-HOB'S LOVE.

(PINDAR.)

JOANNY, my dear, wut ha poor Hob?
 Vor I'm upon a coortin job—
 Gadswunds! Iss leek thee, Joan;
 I'd fert for thee—Iss, that Iss wud;
 Iss love thee well, as pigs love mud,
 Or dogs to gna a bone.

What thoff Iss ba n't so hugeous smurt,
Forsooth leek voaks that go to curt;

Voakes zay I'm pretty vitty:
Lord, Joan, a man may be *alive*,
Ha a long puss, and keep a wive,
That ne'er zeed Lundun zitty.

A man may ha the best o' hearts,
Although no chitterlins to 's shirts;
And lace that gentry uze;
Thee d'st vend me honest—Iss, rert down,
Altho' thee hads n't got a gown,
Ner stockings vath ner shooze.

Now, Joanny, pritheec dant now blish;
Vor zich, Iss wudd'n gee a rish;
Dant copy voakes o' town:

No, Joan, dant gee thy zel an air,
And ren and quat, just leek a hare,
And think I'll hunt thee down.

No, that's dam voalish let me zay;
No—dant ren off, and heed away,

Leek paltriges in stubble:
No, no, the easiest means be best;
Iss can't turmoil and looze one's rest;
Iss can't avoard the trouble.

Now, Joan, beleek, the want'st to know
About my houze-keppin and zo,

Bevore the tak'st the nooze—
Why vlesh an dumplin ev'ry day;
But az vor *Zunday*, let me zay,
We'll ha a gud vat gooze.

Zumetimes we'll ha a choice squab-pie;
And zum days we wull broil and vry,

And zum days *roast*, ye slut;
An az vor zyder, thee shat guzzle,
Zo much, Joan, as will tire thy muzzle,
Enow to splet thy gut.

Now break thy meend. zay 'dun, an dun ;'
 I'll make thee a good husband, mun ;
 And Joan, I'll love thee dearly ;
 Iss waant do leek our neighbour Flail,
 That huffth his wife, and kickth her tail,
 And drashth her just leek barley.
 Joanny, Iss now have broke *my* meend ;
 Zo speak, and let the bisness eend,
 And dant stand shilly shally ;
 But if thee wutt'n—Lord, lay 't alone ;
 Go hang thy zel vor me, mun, Joan,
 I'll curt thy zester *Molly*.

GILES SCROGGINS' GHOST.

(C. DIBDIN, JUN.)

GILES Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
 Fol de riddle lol, fol de riddle lido !
 The fairest wench in all the town,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 He bought a ring, with poesy true,
 'If you loves I as I loves you,
 No knife can cut our love in two.'
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 But scissars cut as well as knives,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 And quite uncertain's all our lives,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 The day they were to have been wed,
 Fate's scissars cut poor Gile's thread,
 So they could not be mar-ri-ed,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 And cried herself quite fast asleep,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

When standing all by the bed's post,
 A figure tall her sight engross'd,
 And it cri'd, 'I beez Giles Scroggins' ghost!' .
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The ghost, it said, all solemnly,
 Fol de riddle lol. &c.

'O Molly you must go with I!
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

All to the grave your love to cool,—
 Says she, 'I am not dead you fool!' .
 Says the ghost, says he, 'That's no rule.'
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The ghost he seiz'd her, all so grim,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

All for to go along with him,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

'Come, come,' said he, ''ere morning beam,'
 'I von't,' said she, and she scream'd a scream,
 Then she woke, and found she'd dreamt a dream.
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

LUBIN AND THE DENTIST.

(PINDAR.)

SORE troubled by the tooth-ache, Lubin ran
 To get the murd'rer of his quiet, *drawn* ;
 An artist in an instant whips it out—
 'Well, Master Snag—hæ? what *has* I to pay?'
 'A shilling'—'Zounds! a shilling do ye zay?'
 With a long staring face replies the lout.

'Lord! why Ize did not *veel* it—'twas *nort* in it ;
 'You *knows* ye wern't about it half a minute:
 'To gee *zo much* Ize cursedly unwilling—
 'Lord! vor a tooth, but yesterday old Slop
 'Did drag me by the head about his shop
 'Three times, poor man, and *only ax'd a shilling*.'

MISS DEBORAH DIDDLE AND SIR GILBERT GOSOFTLY.

(C. DIBDIN, JUN.)

You may talk of sweet passion, and wishing and wooing.

With exstacies, blushes, and darts ;
Of altars and turtles, and billing and cooing,
Flaming torches, and fond bleeding hearts!
But the truest of *lovers* that ever was seen,
In city or town, great or small,
Were Miss Deborah Diddle of Daisymead-green,
And Sir Gilbert Gosoftly of Gooseberry-hall!

The virgin was fifty, her head very taper,
Her mouth large, and nose rather flat ;
Her complexion as blooming as *whity-brown* paper ;
She'd but one eye, and squinted with that ;
For an excellent *rib* she was form'd too, I ween,
Since terribly crook'd withal,
Was Miss Deborah Diddle of Daisymead-green,
For Sir Gilbert Gosoftly of Gooseberry-hall.

The Knight once a sad race had run, when in clover
But his running had come to a dreg ;
For now he was poor, and had sixty got over,
Besides that, he had but one leg.

But titled was he, and she rich as a queen ;
These in love with each other made fall ;
Sweet Miss Deborah Diddle of Daisymead-green,
And Sir Gilbert Gosoftly of Gooseberry-hall.

The knight caught a fever in toasting her merits,
Took physic and that made him die ;
When the grief of the fair so consum'd all her spirits,
She went off with a *drop in her eye*.

And such fond constant love from oblivion to screen,
From the grave sprung a tomb-stone so tall,
Of Miss Deborah Diddle of Daisymead-green,
And Sir Gilbert Gosoftly of Gooseberry-hall.

JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE.

(C. BIDDIN, JUN.)

Do you know Johnny Doe,
 And the fam'd Richard Roe,
 Two terrible brothers in law sir?
 Because if you don't
 I hope that you won't
 Be hook'd by their terrible claw, sir?
 O, it's a terrible, &c. A confounded terrible, &c.
 And their talons ne'er fail
 Each poor devil to nail,
 Within reach of their terrible claw, sir.
 More *captures* they've made
 Than the whole fighting trade;
 For *actions* their like you'll ne'er meet, sir,
 In the army, folks say,
 Mag's diversion they play;
 But they're much more at home in the *fleet*, sir,
 They 've much more, &c.
 They've all their own way, &c.
 For they've officers bluff,
 And press warrants enough,
 To issue and people the fleet, sir.
 Sir Sid, without stopping,
 Took *French leave* for hopping,
 And now takes the French to their moan, sir;
 But to these he's a cake,
 For all nations they take,
 With nobody's leave but their own sir;
 Nobody's, &c. Nobody's, &c.
 For I fancy, d'ye see,
 If they took you or me,
 They'd have nobody's leave but their own, sir.
 Why, what d' ye think?
 When you're short of the chink;

Of *want* tho' they know you have *plenty*,
 Because it is found
 You can't pay ten pound,
 Ecod, but they'll make you pay twenty.
 Ecod. &c.
 'Pon my honor, they'll, &c.
 For, as justice can't see,
 The lawyers agree,
 For ten pounds, &c.
 May these brothers in law,
 With their terrible claw,
 Keep all honest from poets to proctors ;
 And perhaps a good thing
 For the nation and king,
 It would be if they'd bone all the doctors!
 O, Lord! &c.
 What a thing, if, &c
 With a drop of good stuff,
 We should live long enough,
 If they'd only just bone all the doctors.

KITTY MAGGS AND JOLTER GILES.

(C. DIDDIN, JUN.)

KITTY MAGGS was a servant to Farmer Styles,
 And a buxom wench was she ;
 And her true *lovier* was Jolter Giles,
 A ploughman so bold was he ;
 Giles had wages five pounds due at Candlemas-tide,
 And then he told Kitty he'd make her his bride.
 Ding dong, bo!
 Betty Blossom she wore a high-caul'd cap,
 Which caught fickle Jolter's eye ;
 And poor Kitty Maggs, O dire mishap!
 Mourn'd his incon-stan-cy!
 And high on the bough of an apple tree,
 When they married Kate finish'd her misery.
 Ding dong, bo!

At the supper Giles gave for Betty his bride,
 An apple pudding had they,
 And from the same bough on which poor Kitty died
 The apples were pluck'd they say ;
 The pudding *pies* on it, grew deadly cold!
 The death watch tick'd, and the church-bell toll'd!
 Ding dong, bo!

To carve the pudding was Giles's post,
 He cut, and from the gap, -
 Popp'd the head of poor dear Kitty Maggs's ghost,
 All in a new fashion'd *shroud* cap:
 Said Giles, 'Who be you?' said the ghost, 'I be I,
 A coming to punish your *par-ju-ry*.'
 Ding dong, bo!

'O Kitty' said Jolter, 'pray alter your note!'
 'I *von't*!' the ghost replied ;
 When plump flew the pudding down Giles's throat,
 And on the spot he died.
 Now his ghost, once a year, bolting puddings is seen,
 While blue devils sing, every mouthful between,
 Ding dong, bo!

 EPIGRAM.

(SWIFT.)

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to his heels and he ran for his life.
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble
 And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the
 rabble ;
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice:
 But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
 Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
 He fought with all three, thrice he ventur'd his life;
 —Then went home and was cudgell'd again by his
 wife.

LORD B. AND THE EUNUCH.

(PINDAR.)

A LORD, most musically mad,
 Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
 Ask'd a squeal eunuch to his house one day—
 A poor old *semivir*, whose throat
 Had lost its love resounding note,
 Which art had giv'n, and time had stol'n away.

'Signor Squalini,' with a solemn air,
 The lord began, grave rising from his chair,
 Taking Squalini kindly by the hand;
 'Signor Squalini, much I fear
 'I've got a most unlucky ear,
 'And that 'tis known to all the music band.

'Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps,
 'And true it is, I don't know flats from sharps:
 'Indeed, Signor Squalini, 'tis no hum;
 'So ill does music with my organs suit,
 'I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,
 'The hautboys from the double drum.

'Now tho' with lords, a number of this nation,
 'I go to op'ras, more through fashion
 'Than for the love of music, I could wish
 'The world might think I had some little taste,
 'That those two ears were tolerably chaste,
 'But, sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

'Get me the credit of a *cognoscente*,
 'Gold shan't be wanting to content ye.'—

'*Bravissimo!* my lor,' replied Squalini,
 With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity;
 'De nobleman must never look de ninny,'—
 'True,' cry'd the noble lord with German gravity.

‘ My lor, ven men vant money in der purse,
 ‘ De do not vant de vorld to tink dem poor,
 ‘ Because, my lor, dat be von shabby curse ;
 ‘ Dis all same ting wid ignourance, my lor.’—
 ‘ Right,’ cry’d his lordship, in a grumbling tone,
 Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

‘ But first I want some technicals, signor’—
 Bowing, the eunuch answer’d—‘ Iss, my lor ;

‘ I teash your lorship queekly, queekly, all,
 ‘ Dere vat be call de *sostenuto* note,
 ‘ Dat be ven singer open vide de troat,

‘ And den for long time make de squawl—
 ‘ Mush long, long note, dat do continue vile
 ‘ A man, my lor, can valk a mile.

‘ My lor, der likewise beed *cromatique*,
 ‘ As if de singer vas in greef, or sick,
 ‘ And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine ;
 ‘ De high, oh, dat, musician call *soprano* ;
 ‘ De low voice, *basso* ; de soff note, *piano*—
 ‘ *Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine.

‘ Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know—
 ‘ *Allegro*, queek ; *Adagio*, be de slow ;
 ‘ *Pomposo*, dat be manner make de roar :
 ‘ *Maestoso*, dat be grand and noble ting,
 ‘ Mush like de voice of Emperor, or de king ;
 ‘ Or you, my lor,

‘ When in de house you make de grand oration,
 ‘ For save, my lor, de noble Englis nation.’

Thus having giv’n his lesson, and a bow,
 With high complacency his lordship smil’d :
 Unravell’d was his lordship’s pucker’d brow,
 His scouling eye, like Luna’s beams, so mild :

Such is th’ effect, when flatt’ries sweet cajole
 That praise-admiring wight yclep’d the soul ;

And from the days of Adam 'tis the case,
That great 's the sympathy 'twixt soul and face.

' Signor Squalini,' cry'd the lord,
' The op'ra is begun, upon my word——
' *Allons*, signor, and hear me—mind,
' As soon as ever you shall find
' A singer's voice above or under pitch,
' Just touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch.'

' Iss, iss, my lor, (the eunuch straight reply'd)
' I sheet close by your lor'ship side;
' And den according to your lor'ship wish,
' I give your lor'ship elbow littel twish.'

Now to the opera, music's sounds to hear,
The old castrato and the noble peer

Proceeded—Near the orchestra they sat,
Before the portals of the singers' throats!
The critic couple musing for bad notes,
With all the keenness of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tunish note——

The eunuch twitch'd his lordship's coat:

Full-mouth'd at once his lordship roar'd out——
' psha!'

The orchestra, amaz'd, turn round

To find from whence arose the critic sound,
When, lo! they heard the lord, and saw!

The eunuch kept most slily twitching,

His frowning lordship all the while,

(Not in the cream of courtly style)

Be-dogging this poor singer, that be-bitching,

Uniting too, a host of damning pshas,

And reap'd a plenteous harvest of applause:—

Grew from that hour a lord of tuneful skill,

And tho' the eunuch's dead, remains so still.

THE FEMALE PRATTLER.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
 At all times, and in ev'ry place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
 Nor are there hopes you 'll ever cease.
 Forbear, my Fannia ; oh, forbear,
 If your own health or ours you prize ;
 For all mankind that hear you, swear
 Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.
 Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd ;
 All are distracted while they gaze,
 But, if they listen, they are cur'd.
 Your silence would acquire more praise
 Than all you say, or all you write ;
 One look ten thousand charms displays ;
 Then hush ! and be an angel quite.

EPIGRAM.

As Quin and Foote, one day walk'd out
 To view the country round,
 In merry mood, they chatting stood
 Hard by the village-pound.
 Foote from his poke a shilling took,
 And said, I'll bet a penny,
 In a short space, within this place,
 I'll make this piece a guinea.
 Upon the ground, within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown ;
 Behold, says Foote, the thing's made out,
 For there is one pound one.
 I wonder not, says Quin, that thought
 Should in your head be found,
 Since that's the way, your debts you pay—
 One shilling in the pound.

A COURT AUDIENCE.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
 Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
 But much too serious for a court
 Who at all preaching made a sport.
 He soon perceiv'd the audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God!
 'The doctor stopp'd ; began to call,
 ' Pray wake the earl of Lauderdale.
 ' My lord ! why, 'tis a monstrous thing !
 ' You snore so loud—you'll ' wake the king.'

THE AVARO.

'THUS to the master of a house,
 Which, like a church, would starve a mouse ;
 Which never guest had entertain'd,
 Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd,
 I said,—Well, sir, 'tis vastly neat ;
 But where d' you drink, and where d' you eat ?
 If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
 It costs you more in mops than wine.

THE MISTAKE.

(TAYLOR.)

A CANNON ball, one bloody day,
 Took a poor sailor's leg away ;
 And as on comrade's back he made off.
 A second fairly took his head off,
 The fellow, on this odd emergence,
 Carries him pick-back to the surgeon's.
 Zounds ! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
 To bring me here a headless trunk ?
 A lying dog ! cries Jack—he said—
 His leg was off, and not his head.

THE TENDER HUSBAND.

(PINDAR.)

Lo, to the cruel hand of fate,
My poor dear Grizzle meek-soul'd mate,
Resigns her tuneful breath—
Tho' dropp'd her jaw, her lip tho' pale,
And blue each harmless finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep—
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim those eyes that lately shone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite—
To lift his dart to hit her;
For as she was so great a woman,
And car'd a single fig for no man,
I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice of late so strong,
That many a sweet Capriccio sung,
And beat in sounds the spheres!
No longer must those fingers play
Britons strike home, that many a day
Have sooth'd my ravish'd ears!

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
To think I now might speak my mind,
Nor hurt her dear repose;
Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause—
How wonderful are nature's laws,

When lady's breath retires,
 Its fate the flaming passions share,
 Supported by a little air,
 Like culinary fires!

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
 Shall fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
 And loud instructive lungs:
 O Death, in her, tho' only one,
 Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
 At least a thousand tongues.

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
 And saw her gently closing eye,
 How great was my surprise!
 Yet have I not with impious breath,
 Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
 Nor blam'd the righteous skies

Why do I groan in deep despair,
 Since she 'll be soon an angel fair?
 Ah! why my bosom smite?
 Could grief my Grizzle's life restore!
 But let me give such ravings o'er—
 Whatever is, is right.

Oh, doctor! you are come too late;
 No more of physic's virtues prate,
 That could not save my lamb:
 Not one more bolus shall be giv'n—
 You shall not ope her mouth by heav'n
 And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of bolusses, poor heart,
 And pills, she took to load a cart,
 Before she clos'd her eyes;
 But now my word is here a law,
 Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw;
 She shall not seek the skies.

Good sir, good doctor, go away:
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure:
I thank you for your pains and skill:
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blest—
In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream;
I cannot bear a grief extreme—
Enough one little sigh—
Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start belief,
Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare;
Her mouth, ah! slowly close;
Her mouth a magic tongue that held—
Whose softest tone, at times, compell'd,
To peace, my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make—
I'd not be stingy, sure—
Procure of steel, the strongest screws;
For who would paltry pence refuse
To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head;
Since fame reports a coffin tost,
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead.

Farewell, my love, for ever lost!
 Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
 That I again will woo——
 By all our past delights, my dear,
 No more the marriage-chain I'll wear,
 P—x take me if I do!

ON A BAD SINGER.

WHEN screech-owls screek, their note portends
 To foolish mortals death of friends:
 But when Corvina strains her throat,
 E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

EPIGRAM.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
 And met his parish curate as he went:
 But, just like what he was, a sorry clown;
 It seems he passed him with a cover'd crown.
 'The gownman stopp'd, and turning, sternly said—
 I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than fed!
 Why aye! says Tom, still jogging on, that's true:
 Thank God, he feeds me! but I'm taught by you.

ON A BOWL OF PUNCH.

WHENE'ER a bowl of punch we make,
 Four striking opposites we take;
 The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
 Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
 And when they happily unite,
 'The bowl 'is pregnant with delight.'

In conversation thus we find,
 That four men differently inclin'd,

With talents each distinct ; and each
 Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech ;
 With tempers too as much the same
 As milk and verjuice, frost and flame ;
 Their parts by properly sustaining,
 May all prove highly entertaining.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS a bean to a lady, pray name if you can,
 Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man?
 The lady replied, if you'd have me speak true,
 He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike
 you,

THE LAWYER AND THE CLIENT.

Two lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,
 Shook hands, and were as good friends as before ;
 'Zounds!' says the losing client, ' how come yaw
 To be such friends, who were such foes just naw?'
 Thou fool, says one, we lawyers, tho so keen,
 Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.

SIR J. BANKS AND THE THIEF-TAKERS.

(PINDAR.)

SIR JOSEPH, fav'rite of great queens and kings,
 Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter sings ;
 And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling;
 Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,
 Where nature such exhaustless treasure yields,
 A simpling!

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,
 The nimble pupils of Sir Sampson Wright,
 A simpling too for plants, call'd Thieves, proceeded;
 Of which the nation's fields should oft be weeded.

Now did a thief-taker so sly,
 Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,

And quick espy'd the knight with solemn air,
 Deep in a ditch where water-cresses grow;
 On which he to his comrades cry'd, 'See, ho!'
 Then jump'd (unsportsman-like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak, but bawl'd,
 With dread prodigiously appall'd——

'The thief-takers no ceremony us'd;
 But taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,
 They bade him speak;

But first with names their captive knight abus'd.

'Sirs, what d' ye take me for?' the knight exclaim'd
 'A thief,' reply'd the runners with a curse:
 'And now, sir, let me search you, and be damn'd'—
 And then they search'd his pockets, fobs and purse:

But 'stead of pistol dire, and crape,

A pocket handkerchief they cast their eye on,
 Containing frogs and toads of various shape,
 Dock, daisy, nettletop, and dandelion,

To entertain with great propriety,

The members of his sage society:

Yet would not alter their strong belief,
 That this their pris'ner was a thief!

'Sirs, I'm no highwayman,' exclaim'd the knight—

'No—there,' rejoin'd the runners. 'you are right—

'A footpad only—yes we know your trade—

'Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace:

'We want no proofs, Old Codger, but your face;

'So come along with us old Blade.'

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain—
 In vain, Sir Joseph pleaded—'twas in vain,
 That he was highly titled; that he swore—
 The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,
 Which to an F. R. S. and knight amounted,
 His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cry'd,
'encore.'

Sir Joseph told them, that a neighb'ring squire
 Should answer for it that he was no thief;
 On which they plumply damn'd him for a liar,
 And said such stories should not save his beef;
 And if they understood their trade,
 His *multimus* would soon be made;
 And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,
 For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

Now to the squire mov'd pris'ner knight and Co.
 The runners taking him in tow,
 Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
 Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,
 So black, and of enormous size,
 Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,
 For fear the knight might run away,
 And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
 We've no authority to say,
 And now the country people gather'd round,
 And star'd upon the knight in thought profound,
 Not on the system of Linnæus thinking—
 Fancying they saw a rogue in every feature;—
 Such is the populace's horrid nature
 Tow'rd's people thro' misfortune sinking.

At length, amidst much mob and mire,
 Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
 Fatigu'd they reach'd the mansion of the squire,
 To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now to the squire, familiar bow'd the knight,
Who knew Sir Joseph at first sight—

What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known agen
And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The thief-takers severely reprimanded
For thus mistaking gentlemen.

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
Of him that was a knight and F. R. S.
Who, rather than the higher pow'rs displease,
Imagin'd that they could not well do less,
Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
And crav'd sir Joseph's pardon for belief,
That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
They took so great a *gemman* for a thief,
Hoping to mind the advice of Godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks*.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

Houses, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather ;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous ;
Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,
Shewy outsides, insides empty ;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts ;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid ;
Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen and footmen ;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians ;
Noble, simple, all conditions ;
Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,
Villainy bedaub'd all over ;

Women—black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray ;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still ;
Some that will not—some that will ;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling ;
Many a bargain, if you strike it,
This is London—How d' ye like it?

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH AND
THE MOB.

(PINDAR.)

THROUGH London streets upon a day,
The earl of Peterborough took his way,
All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine—
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the duke of Marlborough so dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,
The mob resolv'd to show a great regard ;
And so uniting, join'd their forces
To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses,

The earl from out his carriage pok'd his face,
And told the mob that he was not his grace ;

Then bid them be convinc'd and look:
Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardest Jew,
They told him that they better knew,

Then swore by G— he was the duke:
Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
And form'd a thunder of applause.

Loud bawl'd the earl that they were all deceiv'd—
Loud bawl'd the mob he should not be believ'd—

‘Zounds!’ cry’d the earl, ‘he converts then this minute;’

So throwing sixpence to them, ‘there, there, there,

‘Take that,’ cry’d Peterborough with a sneer—

‘Now if you think I’m *he*, the devil’s in it.’

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

(PINDAR.)

A MAN of some small fortune had a wife,

Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;

And pretty well they bore the yoke together:

With little jarring liv’d the pair one year;

Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,

At times ’t was dark and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when mistress in the straw

Did, for the world’s support her screams prepare;

And Slop appear’d, with fair obstetric paw,

To introduce his pupil to our air;

Whilst in a neighbouring room the husband sat,

Musing on this thing now, and now on that;

Now sighing at the sorrows of his wife;

Praying to Heav’n that he could take the pain;

But recollecting that such pray’rs were vain,

He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mus’d in solemn study,

Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,

In Betty rush’d with comfortable news—

‘Sir, sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy—

‘Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy—

‘As fine as ever stood in shoes.’

‘I’m glad on’t Betty cri’d the master—

‘I pray there may be no disaster;

‘All’s with your mistress well, I hope?’

Quoth she, 'All 's well as heart can well desire
 ' With madam and the fine young squire:
 ' So likewise says old doctor Slop.'

Off Betty hurried as fast as she could scour,
 Fast and as hard as any horse
 That trottesth fourteen miles an hour—
 A pretty tolerable course.

Soon happy Betty came again,
 Blowing with all her might and main;
 Just like a grampus, or a whale;
 In sounds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover—
 ' Sir, sir, more happy tidings; 't is not over—
 ' And madam 's brisker than a nightingale:

' A fine young lady to the world is come,
 ' Squawling away just as I left the room—
 ' Sir, this is better than a good estate.'
 ' Humph,' quoth the happy man, and scratch'd his
 pate.

Now looking up, now looking down;
 Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown—
 ' Good God,' says he, ' why was not I a cock,
 ' Who never feels of burd'ning brats the shock;
 ' Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madam's
 picking,
 ' Whilst to the hen belongs the care
 ' To carry them to eat or take the air,
 ' Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?'

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
 He found affairs not greatly mended;
 For in bounc'd Bet, her rump with rapture jig-
 ging—
 ' Another daughter, sir—a charming child.'—
 ' Another!' cry'd the man, with wonder wild;
 ' Zounds! Betty ask your mistress if she's *pigging*.'

JUSTIFICATION.

A FARMER once, who wanted much
 A sturdy husbandman ;
 And one, well qualified as such,
 To suit his thrifty plan :

One who was sparing at his meat,
 And sparing in his drink ;
 And, daily task-work to complete,
 Would never flinch or shrink ;

Induc'd a clodpole to apply,
 Commended by a neighbour,
 As 'Never hungry, never dry,
 'Nor ever tir'd of labour !'

But soon, when hir'd, and set to work,
 He prov'd, to crown the bam,
 As lazy as as a cross-legged turk,
 Yet turkey-like, he'd cram !

For bacon-rack was quickly shrunk,
 So well he 'd fill his dish ;
 And soon the cellar's stock was sunk,
 He 'd drink so like a fish !

Which made old Squeezum-rail and rave,
 Against his neighbour Muggs ;
 To bubble him like a lying knave,
 With three such d—d humbugs.

You 'Never hungry ! ne'er athirst !
 'Of working never tir'd !'
 I wish that both your skins had burst,
 Ere such a pest I hir'd.

'Hold, zur,' says Hobnail, 'doant ye vly
 'In such a deadly twoddle ;

'If Measter Muggs have tould a lie,
 'Then vairly crack my noddle.
 'Vor I do never hungry be,
 'Before my guts I vill,
 'And drowth do never trouble me,
 'Before I gets a zwill.
 'And I did never work pursue,
 'Till tir'd or overheated ;
 'Zo Measter Muggs have tould ye true,
 'And you have not been cheated.'

AN IRISH BLUNDER WITHOUT A BULL.

COLONEL Patrick O'Blaney, as honest a teague,
 As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,
 Having got a French snuff box, of *papier machee*,
 Which to open requir'd much pains, do you see ;
 Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in his pocket,
 And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it ;
 As by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
 He came to his rappee that was under it hid :
 But one day when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
 He search'd for his tester, but all to no end,
 Till at last 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it ;
 When in rage he cried—' Arrah the devil confound

it,
 I'll engage you don't serve me the same trick again,
 For to make me after thus hunting in vain.'
 So opening the box by the help of the tizzy,
 And feaking his nose till his noddle was dizzy,
 He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaimed with a shrug,
 While tight went the rim down—' So there you
 lie snug ;
 And my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to remind
 ye,
 That the next time I want you, I'll know where to
 find ye.'

BIENSEANCE.

(PINDAR.)

At Paris, some time since, a murd'ring man,
 A German, and a most unlucky chap.
 Sad, stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
 Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
 On which the dullest fibres learn to feel ;
 His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke
 Amidst ten thousand people perhaps, or more ;
 Whenever Monsieur Ketch appli'd a stroke,
 The culprit, like a bullock made a roar.

A flippant *petit maitre* skipping by,
 Stepp'd up to him, and check'd his cry—
 ' Boh ! ' quoth the German ; ' an't I ' pon the wheel ?
 ' D' ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel ?'
 ' Sir ' quoth the beau ; ' do n't, do n't be in a passion ;
 ' I've nought to say about your situation ;
 ' But making such a hideous noise in France,
 ' Fellow, is contrary to *bienseance*.'

 AN ANATOMICAL EPITAPH ON AN IN-
 VALID.

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

HERE lies a head that often ach'd :
 Here lie two hands that always shak'd :
 Here lies a brain of odd conceit ;
 Here lies a heart that often beat :
 Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
 And in the night but seldom slept ;
 Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd
 Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd ;

Here lie the midriff and the breast,
 With loads of indigestion prest ;
 Here lies the liver, full of bite,
 That ne'er secreted proper chyle ;
 Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
 Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes ;
 Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
 The source of life's sad tragic scene ;
 That left side weight that clogs the blood,
 And stagnates nature's circling flood ;
 Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
 With painful cramps and poignant stitch ;
 Here lies the back, oft rackt with pains ;
 Corroding kidneys, loins and reins ;
 Here lies the skin, by scurvy fed,
 With pimples and eruptions red ;
 Here lies the man from top to toe,
 That fabric fram'd for pain and wo.

 THE PIG AND THE MAGPIE.

(PINDAR.)

Cocking his tail, a saucy prig,
 A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
 To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest ;
 And with such ease began the hair attack,
 As thinking the fee simple of the back
 Was by himself, and not the pig, possest.

The Boar look'd up as thunder black to Mag,
 Who squinting down on him like an arch wag,
 Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn ;
 Then busy went to work, not nicely culling ;
 Got a good handsome beakfull by good pulling,
 And flew without a 'thank ye' to his thorn.

The pig set up a dismal yelling ;
 Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,

Who, like a fool had built it midst a bramble:
 In, manfully he sallied, full of might,
 Determin'd to obtain his right,
 And midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the magpie, tore his nest to rags,
 And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags:
 But ere he from the brambles came alack!
 His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
 His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
 He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

A COUNTRY QUARTER SESSIONS.

THREE or four parsons, full of October,
 Three or four 'squires, between drunk and sober ;
 Three or four lawyers, three or four liars ;
 Three or four constables, three or four cryers ;
 Three or four parishes bringing appeals,
 Three or four writings, and three or four seals ;
 Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
 Tag, rag, and bobtail, three or four scores ;
 Three or four statutes, misunderstood ;
 Three or four paupers, all praying for food,
 Three or four roads, that never were mended ;
 Three or four scolds—and the session is ended.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd ;
 My bellows too have lost their wind ;
 My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd ;
 My vice is in the dust all laid ;
 My coal is spent, my iron gone,
 My nails are drove, my work is done.
 My fire-dried corpse lies here at rest:
 My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

THE FIRST PAIR.

ADAM alone could not be easy,
 So he must have a wife, an' please ye ;
 And how did he procure this wife,
 To cheer his solitary life?
 Out of a rib, sir. from his side,
 Was form'd this necessary bride:
 But how did he the pain beguile?
 How?—He slept sweetly all the while ;
 And when this rib was re-applied,
 In woman's form to Adam's side,
 How, then, I pray you, did it answer?
 'He never slept so sweet again, sir.'

THE THOUGHT, or, A SONG OF SIMILIES.

I've thought the fair Narcissa cries ;
 What is it like, sir?—'Like your eyes—
 "'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
 "'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—
 "'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
 "'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
 "'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
 "'Tis like a doctor—like a whale—'
 Why are my eyes, sir. like a sword?
 For that's the thought upon my word.
 'Ah! witness every pang I feel ;
 'The deaths they give the likeness tell.
 'A sword is like a chair you'll find,
 'Because 'tis most an end behind.
 "'Tis like a key, for twill undo one ;
 "'Tis like a purge, for twill run thro' one ;
 "'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
 "'Tis often drawing human blood.'
 Why like a beggar?—'You shall hear ;
 "'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r ;

'Tis like the sun because 'tis gilt,
 Besides it travels in a belt.
 'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
 Because that state, whenever we
 A push for our own int'rest make,
 Does instantly our sides forsake.
 The moon?—' Why, when all 's said and done,
 A sword is very like the moon ;
 For if his majesty (God bless him)
 When county sheriff comes t' address him,
 Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
 On him before him kneeling low,
 This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
 And gives the glory to the knight (night:)
 'Tis like a kilderkin no doubt,
 For its not long in drawing out.
 'Tis like a doctor ; for who will
 Dispute a doctor's power to kill?
 But why a sword is like a whale
 Is no such easy thing to tell ;
 But since all swords are swords, d'ye see,
 Why, let it then a backsword be,
 Which if well us'd, will seldom fail
 To raise up somewhat like a whale.'

THE ASTRONOMER'S ROOM.

ONE day I call'd, and, Philo out,
 I op'd the door and look'd about ;
 When all his goods being full in view,
 I took this inventory true:

Item.—A bed without a curtain,
 A broken jar to empty dirt in,
 A candlestick, a greasy night cap,
 A spitting pot to catch what might hap ;
 Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
 A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches ;

A three legg'd stool, a four legg'd table,
 Were fill'd with books unfit for rabble ;
 Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
 Sub-tangents, segments, and all those sigas ;
 Enough to show the man who made em
 Was full as mad as he who read 'em :
 An almanack of six years standing,
 A cup with ink, and one with sand in ;
 One corner held his books and chest,
 And round the floor were strew'd the rest ;
 That all things might be like himself,
 He 'd neither closet, draw or shelf ;
 Here, p— pot, sauce-pot, broken platter,
 Appear'd like heterogeneous matter.
 In ancient days the walls were white,
 But who 'gainst damp and snails can fight?
 They 're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
 Some square, some oval, and some round ;
 The antiquarian there may find
 Each hieroglyphic to his mind ;
 Such faces there may fancy trace,
 As never yet knew time or place ;
 And he who studies maps or plans,
 Has all the work done to his hands ;
 In short, the room, the goods, and author,
 Appear'd to be one made for t' other.

 THE FLY AND SPIDER.

(PINDAR.)

- ' Good-morrow, dear Miss Fly,' quoth gallant
 Grim,
 ' Good-morrow, sir,'—reply'd Miss Fly to *him*.
 ' Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I 'm about.'
 ' I 'm much obliged t' ye,' Miss Fly rejoind'd ;
 ' My eyes are both so very good I find,
 ' That I can plainly see the whole *without*.'

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'Fine weather, Miss!'—'Yes, very, very, fine,'
 Quoth Miss—'prodigious fine indeed!'
 'But why so coy?' quoth Grim, 'that you decline
 'To put within my bow'r your pretty head?'
 'Tis simply this,'
 Quoth cautious Miss;
 'I fear you 'd like my pretty *head* so *well*,
 'You 'd keep it for yourself, sir:—who can tell?'
 'Then let me squeeze your lovely hand my dear,
 'And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain.'
 'I 've a sore finger, sir; nay, more, I fear,
 'You really would not *let it go again*.'
 'Poh, poh, child, pray dismiss your idle dread;
 'I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head,—
 'Come, then, with one kind kiss of friendship
 meet me.'
 'La sir,' quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,
 'I fear our salutation would be *long*;
 'So *loving*, too, I fear that you would—*eat me*.'

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,
 To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

A TALE.

(BY THE REV. MR. BISHOP.)

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
 Plain folk in humble plight;
 One only tankard crown'd their board,
 And that was fill'd each night:

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
 In pride of chubby grace,
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd,
 A baby Angel's face.

John swallow'd first a mod'rate sup ;
But Joan was not like John,
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot ;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd ;
And where the *angel* stood so plain,
He got a *devil* pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd,
And ever when she siez'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrify'd,
His hairs rose on his pate ;
And, ' Why dost guzzle now,' he cry'd,
' At this enormous rate.'

' O John,' said she, ' am I to blame?
' I can 't in conscience stop:
' For sure 't would be a burning shame,
' *To leave the devil a drop !*

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'Twas sung of old, how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion ;
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons ;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town ;

But it is plain now in these times
 No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes ;
 They for themselves can only rear
 A few old castles in the air.

Poor are the brethren of the bays,
 Down from high strains to ekes and ayes;
 The muses too are virgins yet,
 And may be till they portions get ;
 Yet still the doating rhymers dream,
 And sings of Helicon's bright streams;
 But Helicon for all his clatter,
 Yields nothing but insipid water ;
 Yet ev'n athirst, he sweetly sings,
 Of nectar and Elysian springs.
 The grave physician, who by physic
 Like death dispatches him that is sick,
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade ;
 Tho' patients die, the doctor 's paid ;
 Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
 For what another mounts a gallows.

In shady groves the muses play,
 And love in flow'ry meads to stray ;
 Pleas'd with a bleaky barren ground,
 Where rip'ning fruits are never found.

But then some say you purchase fame,
 And gain a never dying name ;
 Great recompense for real trouble !
 To be rewarded with a bubble.

Thus soldiers who in many battles
 Get bangs and blows, and God knows what else,
 Are paid with fame and wooden leg,
 And gain a pass, with leave to beg.

VISIT OF A KING TO A CATHEDRAL.

(FINDAR.)

SOMETIMES, great kings will condescend
 A little with their subjects to unbend !

An instance take:—a king of this great land,
 In days of yore, we understand,
 Did visit Sal'sbury's old church so fair:
 An earl of Pembroke was the monarch's guide;
 Incog. they travell'd, shuffling side by side:
 And into the cathedral stole the pair.

The verger met them in his blue silk gown,
 And humbly bow'd his neck with rev'rence down,
 Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay:
 Looking the frighted verger through and through
 All with his eye-glass—'Well sir, who are you?'
 'What, what, sir?—hey, sir?' deign'd the king to
 say.

'I am the verger here most mighty king:
 'In this cathedral I do ev'ry thing;
 'Sweep it, an't please ye, sir, and keep it clean.'
 'Hey? verger! verger!—you the verger? hey?'
 'Yes please your glorious majesty I be,'
 The verger answer'd, with the mildest mien.

Then turn'd the king about towards the peer,
 And wink'd and laugh'd; then whisper'd in his ear,
 'Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow,'pon my word:
 'I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey,
 my lord?'

Then with his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
 He kenn'd the trembling verger o'er again.

'He 's a poor verger, sire,' his lordship cry'd:
 'Sixpence would handsomely requite him.'
 'Poor verger, verger, hey?' the king reply'd:
 'No, no, then, we won't knight him—no, won't
 'knight him.'

Now to the lofty roof the king did raise
 His glass, and skip'd it o'er with sounds of praise;
 For thus his marv'ling majesty did speak:

'Fine roof this, master verger, quite complete;
 'High—high and lofty too, and clean and neat:
 'What, verger, what? mop, mop it once a week?'
 'An't please your majesty,' with marv'ling chops,
 The verger answer'd, 'we have got no mops
 'In Sal'sb'ry that will reach so high.'
 'Not mop, no, no, not mop it,' quoth the king—
 'No, sir, our Sal'sb'ry mops do no such thing;
 'They might as well pretend to scrub the sky.'

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A PUPIL of the Æsculapian school
 Was just prepar'd to quit his master's rule;
 Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
 But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated—
 All that he had to study still,
 Was, when a man was well or ill,
 And how, if sick, he should be treated.

One morn he thus address'd his master—
 'Dear sir, my honor'd father bids me say,
 'If I could now and then a visit pay,
 'He thinks, with you,
 'To notice how you do,
 'My bus'ness I might learn a little faster.'

'The thought is happy,' the preceptor cries;
 'A better method he could scarce devise;
 'So Bob, (his pupil's name) it shall be so,
 'And when I next pay visits you shall go.'

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:
 With dire intent,
 Away they went,
 And now behold them at a patient's bed.

The master-doctor solemnly perus'd
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd ;
Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say:

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paus'd and blink'd, and smelt again,
And briefly of his corps perform each motion:
Manœuvres that for death's platoon are meant,
A kind of a make ready and present,
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd:
‘Madam, your husband's danger's great ;
‘And (what will never his complaint abate)
‘The man's been eating oysters I perceive,’
‘Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,’
Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admir'd ;
And home returning, of the sage inquir'd
How these same oysters came into his head ;
‘Psha! my dear Bob, the thing was plain—
‘Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain:
‘I saw the shells lie underneath the bed!’

So wise by such a lesson grown,
Next day Bob ventur'd forth alone,
And to the self-same sufferer paid his court—
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Return'd the stripling minister of death,
And to his master made this dread report:

‘Why sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under—
‘Zounds! such a maw I never came across!
‘The fellow must be dying and no wonder,
‘For—if he has n't eat a horse!’

‘A horse!’ the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride—

- How came so wild a notion in your head?
- How! think not in my duty I was idle;
- Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
- And there I saw—a saddle and a bridle!

ON THE DEATH OF A BLACKSMITH.

With the nerves of a Sampson, this son of the
 sledge,
 By the anvil his livelihood got,
 With the skill of a Vulcan could temper an edge,
 And strike—*while the iron was hot.*

By *forging* he liv'd—yet never was tried
 Or condemn'd by the laws of the land;
 But still it is certain, and can't be denied,
 He often was—*burnt in the hand.*

With the sons of St. Crispin no kindred he claim'd,
 With the *last* he had nothing to do;
 He handled no *awl*, and yet in his time
 Made many an excellent *shoe.*

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still
 His bellows were always in *blast*;
 And I will acknowledge (deny it who will)
 That one *vice*, and but one, he possess'd.

- No actor was he, nor concern'd with the stage,
 No audience to awe him appear'd;
 Yet oft in his shop (like a crowd in a rage)
 The voice of *hissing* was heard.

Tho' *steeling* of axes was part of his cares,
 In thieving he never was found,
 And tho' he was constantly *beating on bars*,
 No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Alas! and alack! what more can I say
Of Vulcan's unfortunate son?
The priest and the sexton have borne him away,
And the sound of his hammer is done.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a batchelor, stranger? quoth he,
For, an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or hast thy good-woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?

For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.

I have left a good woman who never was here,
The stranger he made reply,
But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.

St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time
Drank of this chrystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first—
God help the husband then!
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?
He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

(BLOOMFIELD.)

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park;
(Here truth inspires my tale)

The lonely foot-path still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still ;
And echo'd to the darksome copse
That whisper'd on the hill.

Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind ;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turn'd ; it stopt!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame:
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same!
She mutter'd many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;

When through the cheating glooms of night
A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain!
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped ; and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *ghost* and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack:
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before ;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surpris'd:
Out came her daughter dear ;
Good-natur'd souls! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And, simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he ; no imp of sin:
No crimes had ever known.

They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor:
The matron learn'd to love the sound,
That frightened her before.

A favourite the ghost became;
And 't was his fate to thrive:
And long he liv'd, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,
And some conviction too:—
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE.

(COWPER.)

BETWEEN nose and eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learn-
ing;

While chief baron ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find
That the nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

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Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the nose is ; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That if the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles
then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shews,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the nose,
And the nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the eyes ;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally
wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light-eyes should be shut.

CANUTE AND THE OCEAN.

(PINDAR.)

CANUTE was by his nobles taught, to fancy,
That, by a kind of royal necromancy.

He had the pow'r, old Ocean to controul;
Down rush'd the royal Dane upon the strand,
And issu'd, like a Solomon, command:

Poor soul!

‘Go back, ye waves, ye blustering rogues! (quoth hé)
‘Touch not your lord and master, Sea!—
‘For, by my pow’r almighty, if you do;’
Then staring vengeance,—out he held a stick,
Vowing to drive old Ocean to old nick,
Should he ev’n wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retir’d: the monarch fierce rush’d on,
And look’d, as if he’d drive him from the land;
But Sea, not caring to be put upon,
Made, for a moment, a bold stand ;

Not only made a stand did Mr. Ocean,
But to his honest waves he made a motion,
And bid them give the king a hearty trimming,
The orders seem’d a deal the waves to tickle:
For soon they put his majesty in pickle;
And set his royalties like geese a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar;
Soon did they make him wish himself on shore;
His head and ears most handsomely they dous’d;
Just like a porpoise, with one gen’ral shout,
The waves so tumbled the poor king about;
No Anabaptist e’er was half so sous’d.

At length to land he crawl’d a half-drown’d thing,
Indeed more like a crab than like a king;
And found his courtiers making rueful faces.
But what said Canute to the lords and gentry,
Who hail’d him from the water, on his entry,
All trembling for their lives or places?

‘My lords, and gentlemen, by your advice,
‘I’ve had, with Mr. Sea, a pretty bustle;
‘My treatment from my foe not over-nice,
‘Just made a jest for every shrimp and muscle.
‘A pretty trick for one of my dominion!
‘My lords, I thank you for your great opinion.

‘ You ’ll say, perhaps, I’ve lost one game,
 ‘ And bid me try another—for the rubber—
 ‘ Permit me to inform you all, with shame,
 ‘ That you ’re a set of knaves, and I ’m a lubber.’

THE BREWER’S COACHMAN.

(TAYLOR.)

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur’d fellow,
 Would a little too oft get a little too mellow,
 Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
 No better e’er sat on a box to be sure.
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
 ‘ Took that care of their babes that he took of his
 horses.

He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more ;
 But the business of *tippling* could ne’er be got o’er:
 So his master effectually mended the matter,
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
 Now, William, says he, you see the plain case ;
 Had you drank as he does, you’d kept a good place.
 Drink water! quoth William—had all men done so,
 You’d never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
 They ’re soakers, like me, whom you load with re-
 proaches,
 That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

REPARTEE,

(SWIFT.)

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
 What reason can be given,
 Since marriage is a holy thing,
 That they are none in heaven?
 There are no women, he replied.
 She quick returns the jest—
 Women there are, but I’m afraid
 They cannot find a priest.

CURIOSITY.

(PINDAR.)

WALKING one afternoon along the strand,
 My wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand
 Upon a pretty leash of country lasses.
 'Heav'ns! my dear beauteous angels, how d'ye do?
 'Upon my soul I'm monstrous glad to see ye.'
 'Swinge! Peter we are glad to meet with *you*;
 'We're just to London come—well, pray, how
 be ye?

'We're just a going, while 'tis light,
 'To see St. Paul's, before 'tis dark.
 'Lord! come—for once, be so polite,
 'And condescend to be our spark.'

'With all my heart, my angels.'—On we walk'd,
 And much of Lond on—much of Cornwall talk'd:
 Now did I hug myself, to think
 How much that glorious structure would surprise,
 How from its awful grandeur they would shrink,
 With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-hill we drew,
 St. Paul's just op'ning on our view;
 Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,
 Gave, all at once a diabolic squall,
 As if they had been tumbled on the stones,
 And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
 And sticking to a ribbon shop their eyes—
 They all rush'd in, with sounds enough to stun—
 And clatt'ring all together, thus begun.

'Swinge! here are colours then to please!
 'Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!

'Why! not to see such things as these,
 'We never should have been forgiv'n.
 'Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!
 'And, sister, here upon my word—
 'Here, here! look! here are beauties to delight;
 'Why! how a body's heels might dance
 'Along, from Launceston to Penzance,
 'Before that one might meet with such a sight!
 'Come, ladies, 't will be dark,' cry'd I—'I fear;
 'Pray, let us view St. Paul's, it is so near'—
 'Lord! Peter, (cry'd the girls) do n't mind St. Paul!
 'Sure! you're a most incurious soul—
 'Why we can see the church another day:
 'Do n't be afraid, St. Paul's can't run away.'

DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND.

A SCOLDING wife so long a sleep possess'd,
 Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest;
 Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
 And all their cheer was sugar, rolls and sack.
 Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door,
 And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before;
 The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd in woeful pomp to the church-yard;
 When see of narrow streets, what mischiefs come!
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home;
 By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
 And madam from her dream of death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd! the undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes and wine quite thrown away.
 But some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again;
 The tender husband took especial care
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear in such another fright!

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

(PINBAR.)

.....
Great is the loss of Gentlefolks from Wapping,
Who, fond of travel, unto Margate roam,
To gain that consequence they want at home.

At Margate how like quality they strut!

Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
Yet when at home, are often forced, God wot,

To suck like bears a dinner from their paws—

Forc'd on an old joint-stool their tea to take,

With treacle 'stead of sugar for their gums;

Butt'ring their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,

Like mighty Charles of Sweeden, with their
thumbs.

But Hoy, inform me—who is *she*—on board,

That seems the lady of a first-rate Lord,

With stomach high push'd forth as if in scorn,

Like crows of ducks and geese o'ercharged with
corn—

Dress'd in a glaring, gorgeous damask gown,

Which, roses, like the leaves of cabbage, crown,

With also a bright petticoat of pink,

To make the eye from such a lustre shrink?

Yes, who is *she* the Patagonian dame,

As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;

Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,

In blaze superior to the noonday sun—

With fingers just like sausages, fat things;

And loaded much like curtain rods with rings?

Yes, who is *she* that with a squinting eye

Surveys poor passengers that sick'ning sigh;

Sad, pale-nos'd, gaping, pulling, mournful faces,

Deserted by the blooming smiling graces;

That, reaching o'er thy side, so doleful throw,
The stomach's treasure to the fish below.

- 'Tis Madam Bacon, proud of wordly goods,
Whose first spouse shav'd and bled—drew teeth,
made wigs ;

Who, having by her tongue destroy'd poor Suds,
Married a wight that educated pigs!

But hark ! she speaks ! extremely like a man !
Raising a furious tempest with her fan—

- ' Why, captain, what a beastly ship ! Good God !
- ' Why, captain, this indeed is very odd !
- ' Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings !
- ' For heaven's sake, captain, stop the creatures'
sp——gs.'

Now hark ! the captain answers—' Mistress Bacon

' I own I can't be with *such matters* taken ;

' I likes not vomitings no more than *you* ;

' But if so be that gentlefolks be sick.

' A woman hath the bowels of *Old Nick*,

' Poor souls, to bung their mouths—'t were like
a Jew.'

Majestic Mistress Bacon speaks agen!—

' *Folks* have no bus'ness to make others sick :

' I don't know, Mister Captain what you mean

' About *your Jews*, and bowels of *Old Nick* :

' If all your cattle will such hubbub keep,

' I know that I shall leave your stinking ship.

' Some folks have dev'lish dainty guts, good lord !

' What bus'ness have such cattle here aboard ?

' *Such gang indeed* to foreign places roam !

' 'Tis more becoming them to sp—w at home.'

But hark ! the captain *properly* replies—

' Why, what a breeze is here, G—d d—mn my eyes !

‘God bless us, Mistress Bacon! who are *you*?
 ‘Zounds, *Ma’am*, I say *my* passengers shall *sp-w.*’

THE BOY AND THE BAKER.

(C. I. FITT.)

ONCE, when monopoly had made
 As bad as now the *eating trade*,
 A boy went to a baker’s shop,
 His knawing appetite to stop:
 A loaf for *two-pence* there demanded,
 And down a *tiny* loaf was handed.
 The boy survey’d it round and round,
 With many a shrug, and look profound:
 At length—‘Why, master,’ said the wight,
 ‘This loaf is very, very *light*!’

The baker, his complaint to parry,
 Replied with look most archly dry,
 While quirk conceit *sat* squinting on his eye—
 ‘Light, boy? then you’ve the *less to carry*!’

The boy grinn’d plaudits to his joke,
 And on the counter laid down rhino,
 With mien, that plainly all but spoke—
 ‘With you I’ll soon be even, I know.’

Then took his loaf, and went his way;
 But soon the baker bawl’d him back—
 ‘You’ve laid down but *three half-pence* Jack!
 ‘And *two-pence* was the *loaf’s* amount.
 How’s this, you cheating rascal, *hey*?’
 ‘Sir,’ says the boy, ‘you’ve *less to count*!’

Thus modern wits against each other fight,
 In point *deficient*, and in substance *light*;
 But so *profuse* and *pond’rous* are their stores,
 To *count* or *carry*, strength and patience borea!

THE OLD CHEESE.

(KING.)

YOUNG Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
 That knew all the conveniences of life,
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
 The wit which nature had to him denied:
 But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
 And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
 This made censorious persons of the town
 Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
 For, if he went abroad too much, she 'd use
 To give him slippers and lock up his shoes.
 Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
 Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
 Yet still into his story she would break
 With—'Tis not so; pray give me leave to speak.'
 His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
 Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool;
 Told him he must exert himself, and be
 In fact the master of the family.

He said, 'That the next Tuesday noon would shew
 'Whether he were the lord at home or no;
 'When their good company he would entreat
 'To well-brew'd ale, and clean if homely meat.'

With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
 And on his knees does his rash act disclose;
 And prays dear Sukey, that one day at least,
 He might appear as master of the feast.
 'I'll grant your wish,' cries she, 'that you may see
 'T were wisdom to be govern'd still by me.'

The guests upon the day appointed came,
 Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
 'Ho, Sue!' cries Slouch, 'why dost not thou ap-
 pear?
 'Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here?'

'I pardon ask,' says Sue ; I'd not offend
 'Any my dear invites, much less his friend.'
 Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
 To entertain his friends by finding fault,
 And make the main ingredient of his treat
 His saying—' There was nothing fit to eat:
 'The boild pork stinks, the roast beef's not enough,
 'The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough ;
 'The veal's all rags, the butter's turned to oil ;
 'And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
 'T is we are the first Slouches ever sat
 'Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
 'What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed
 'Upon a goose my graunum kept to breed?
 'Why must old pigeons, and they stale be drest,
 'When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
 'This beer is sour ; 't is musty, thick and stale,
 'And worse than any thing except the ale.'

Sue all this while many excuses made:
 Some things she own'd : at other times she laid }
 The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch—'This
 e'en shall roll ;

'I'm sure 't is hard enough to make a bowl:
 'This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go ;
 'And this, because 't is Suffolk, follow too.'

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste ;
 Nor longer could dissimulation last.
 'Pray let me rise,' says Sue, 'my dear ; I'll find
 'A cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind.'
 Then in an entry standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends, might see ;
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough on this occasion smelt—
 'I'll try, my joy,' she cried, 'if I can please
 'My dearest with a taste of his old cheese!'

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
 Knew well the twang--'Is 't the old cheese my
 dear ?'
 'No need, no need of cheese,' cries Slouch I'll
 swear,
 'I think I've din'd as well as my lord mayor.'

EPIGRAM.

(PORT FOLIO.)

A STINGY fellow, 'tis no matter who,
 Had, 'once upon a time,' some work to do ;
 He told a man, they called him Sam, I think,
 That if he 'd do this job, he 'd give him drink,
 Such as could not in any place be sold,
 For it was then exactly *ten years old*.
 The work is done, the miser gives the dram,
 'How old do you call dis Massa,' says poor Sam,
 'Ten years exactly,'--'Ten years!' in a rage
 Says Sam, 'He be damn little of his age.'

A COLLEGE STORY.

(FRENEAU.)

A SON of a college for science renowned,
 Who long had been reading and reading, and read-
 ing
 Huge volumes as dry as the deserts of Zaara,
 With abstinence much, and little good feeding,
 At length became fond of a glass of Madeira,
 Beer, brandy, or porter--whatever was found:

One Saturday evening, when socially met
 With friends to his liking, called *fellows of college*,
 Each drank off his toast in a bumper of wine
 'Till mirth had the better of reason and knowledge:

This orderly, decent, exemplary set
 Then talked away cheerly 'till two of the clock,
 'Till their eyes, like the eyes of old Moses, did shine
 When he came from the mount, and the cliffs of his
 rock,

At the sins of *the people* to fume and to fret.

Now the bell striking three, they agreed to adjourn;
 Each bound to his lodging by different roads;
 But the son of the college by quaffing too much,
 Lost his path, and got into the dead men's abodes;
 Where Irish and English, Columbians and Dutch,
 Had agreed to lie down, without quarrels or feuds.

He stumbled and tumbled, stubbed toes, broke his
 shins,

And next with a head-stone disabled his head;
 Though the night was as dark as in Egypt of old
 He discovered at last he had got with the dead;
 There jammed like a wedge by a couple of tombs,
 An effort he made to dislodge—but in vain;
 Old Bacchus had stowed him so snug in his bed,
 That the church might as soon have been raised up
 again.

When thus the poor FELLOW was heard with a groan
 To say, as he lay by strong liquor oppressed,
Well, well, I suppose if they let me alone,
In time, I may chance to get up with the rest.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

A GRASSHOPPER had chaunted it away,
 Each summer's day:
 Now that cold weather was set in,
 Began to look most piteous thin.
 Away she hopp'd to see her neighbour th' ant,
 And begg'd some small relief she'd grant

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